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GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

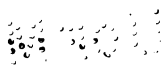


EDITED BY
FRANCIS W. HALSEY



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JEFFERSON DAVIS



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE



**GEN. WILLIAM T.
SHERMAN**

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

DESCRIBED BY FAMOUS WRITERS
FROM COLUMBUS TO ROOSEVELT

Edited, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes

By **FRANCIS W. HALSEY**

Associate Editor of "The World's Famous Orations"; Associate Editor of "The Best of the World's Classics"; author of "The Old New York Frontier," etc.

PATRONS' EDITION. IN TEN VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

Vol. VIII
**THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN AND THE
CIVIL WAR: 1860—1865**

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INTRODUCTION

(The Election of Lincoln and the Civil War)

The election of Lincoln was a triumph for many political elements which, before his ascendancy, had been groping blindly toward similar ends—some of these old-time Whigs, others new-time Abolitionists, some Free Soil men, others Union Democrats, still others Anti-Nebraska men; but all eager for the salvation of the Union and now marching under a common banner as Republicans. For the Union cause there was a great majority in the Electoral College; it marked a general uprising, for that cause, and was tempered only by Lincoln's failure to secure a popular majority. He was nearly a million short of a majority over all.

To the Southern States Lincoln's election came with the force of an appalling calamity. No longer did their leaders see any peaceable legislative way out of the country's wearisome intestinal strife. All the forces with which they had ever contended were now united against them, and victorious in their unity. They honestly believed

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Lincoln's election meant the overthrow, if not the final and complete ruin, of their chief institution, without which they could not longer prosper or perhaps exist. Southern leaders could not know how far-sighted was the vision of Lincoln, how passionate his longing for the preservation of the Union, how abhorrent to every impulse of his heart was war. A month before he was inaugurated six States had seceded and set up a government of their own.

When the South denied the power of the general government to coerce a State, it believed itself holding fast to a principle in the Constitution several times invoked by Northern States during the years immediately following its adoption. Moreover, they held that the same spirit of rebellion which South Carolina had shown thirty years before in attempting to nullify a tariff law of Congress had in quite recent years been shown by a dozen Northern States in attempting to nullify another act of Congress—the Fugitive Slave Law. It was in vain that Lincoln insisted that he had no intention to destroy slavery, or interfere with it as it existed, his prime purpose being to save the Union, and that so far

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as slavery was concerned, his only wish was to prevent its extension.

Since the Revolution, territory comprizing twenty new States, mostly Northern, had been added to the Union. These lands had been peopled by immigrants from Europe and from the older States of the East, to whom abhorrence of slavery was a common sentiment. In other ways this Western population constituted a compact body, devotedly loyal to the Federal Government. To the Federal Government, indeed, they maintained allegiance first, and to the State afterward. State pride scarcely existed among them until after years of achievement. The dominant note in their patriotism was nationality—"the Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Once the war began, industrial conditions operated powerfully to the disadvantage of the South. No enterprises in all that fair and fruitful domain could supply an army with guns, powder and balls, with clothing, surgical instruments and medicine. All these indispensable things the South ever since it was settled had imported from the North or from Europe. When the North, early in the war, blockaded Southern ports

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from the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Mississippi, supplies had to be brought in by running the blockade or entering the country by way of Texas, but this was a slow and costly process, and made supplies always uncertain. Many a soldier went to the war with his private fowling-piece, or with musket or sword that had survived in his family from earlier wars. After two years something had been done in the South to manufacture munitions of war, but Gettysburg, the turning-point of the war, was then not far off.

The South also lacked money. Her great planters were rich in land, cotton, tobacco and slaves, but, until their crops had been sold, they were always in debt for borrowed money, and now, with ports blockaded, their market for sales of crops was cut off. Before the war their exports of cotton had amounted to \$202,000,000 annually; in 1862 they fell to \$4,000,000. The resources of the South constantly diminished, not only in arms, ammunition and clothing, but in the supply of men who could fight. In population the seceding States did not number in 1860 much more than one-third as many men as the North, and of these much more than a quarter were slaves. In such

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circumstances the student may see how inevitable for the South was defeat. There were Southern leaders who saw this in 1860, among them Mr. Davis himself. Even Robert Toombs, when Sumter had been attacked, declared that the South would find the act "fatal to its cause."

The ability of the South to prolong the war for four consecutive years was due to an indomitable spirit of devotion which was probably more intensely and generally developed than in the Northern army. Her soldiers were also better marksmen and better horsemen, the conditions of their domestic life having taught them skill in these matters. One other great advantage lay in being on the defensive against an invader. This not only awakened a livelier sense of wrong and a keener sense of duty, but in the fields chosen for campaigns and battles gave them the advantage of being in a country that was better known to them than to the enemy.

Of all wars this conflict of 1861 to 1865 was perhaps the greatest known to history, not only as to duration and intensity, but as to the imperial sweep of territory over which the armies contended, the number of men put into the field,

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the number of stupendous battles fought, the magnitude of the losses in human life, and the colossal sums spent in its prosecution. More than a dozen battles, in the number of killed and wounded, rise to a place with Waterloo. The deaths due to military operations are believed to have exceeded 500,000, of whom three-fifths were Northern and two-fifths Southern men. At Gettysburg 43,000 were killed and wounded; at Chickamauga and Chattanooga the losses were appalling.

What the war cost in money and property can never be known. Such definite figures as exist pertain to actual expenditures on the Northern side. Not only were the current revenues of the North, which by taxation had been made large, all expended, but the North emerged from the war after further outlays funded in a national debt of \$2,808,000,000—all reckoned in gold, altho the expenditures had been made in paper which at one time had so far depreciated that gold was quoted at \$2.40. The wars of Napoleon, extending over four and a half times as long a period, are estimated to have added to the national debt of France only \$487,000,000.

F. W. H.

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**THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN AND
THE CIVIL WAR
1860—1865**



THE FATAL SPLIT IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

(1860)

BY MURAT HALSTEAD¹

Mr. Yancey,² of Alabama, rose and received a perfect ovation. The hall for several minutes rang with applause. It appeared at once that the outside pressure was with the fire-eaters.

He filled up his time (an hour and a half) with great effect. There was no question after he had been upon the platform a few minutes, that he was a man of remarkable gifts of intellect and captivating powers as a speaker. He reviewed the differences on the slavery question of the Democracy. He charged that the defeats of the Democracy in the North were to be traced to the

¹ From letters by Mr. Halstead to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, dated April 29th and 30th, 1860. Of this paper Mr. Halstead for many years was editor. His letters were republished in 1860 as "A History of the National Political Convention of the Current Presidential Campaign."

² At the National Democratic Convention of 1860, which met in Charleston, Mr. Yancey led the delegation from his State in making a protest against the platform of the convention. He finally became the head of the party of Southern seceders who met afterward in Baltimore and nominated Breckenridge as their candidate for President, Douglas being nominated by the depleted convention in Charleston. Woodrow Wilson has said of Yancey: "It was he more than any other, who taught the South what Douglas really meant; he more than any other, who split the ranks of the Democratic party at Charleston, made the election of Douglas impossible, and brought Lincoln in."

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pandering by the party in the free States to anti-slavery sentiments; they had not come up to the high ground which must be taken on the subject, in order to defend the South—namely, that slavery was right. He traced the history of Northern aggression and Southern concession as he understood it. He spoke of the deep distrust the South had begun to entertain of the Northern Democracy, and urged the propriety of the demand of the South, that the Democratic party should now take clear and high ground upon a constitutional basis. He pronounced false all charges that the State of Alabama, himself or his colleagues, were in favor of a dissolution of the Union *per se*. But he told the Democracy of the North that they must, in taking high constitutional ground, go before the people of the North and tell them of the inevitable dissolution of the Union if constitutional principles did not prevail at the ballot-boxes. He spoke directly to the Southern men and appealed to them to present a united front in favor of a platform that recognized their rights and guaranteed their honor. He said defeat upon principle was better than a mere victory gained by presenting ambiguous issues and cheating the people.

The Southerners were thoroughly warmed up by his speech, and applauded with rapturous enthusiasm. Several of his points were received with outbursts of applause that rung around the hall as if his hearers had been made to shout and stamp by the simultaneous action of electricity. One of his most effective points was in relation to the Dred Scott decision, and the plea made by Douglas and others that almost all of it was

THE SPLIT IN THE DEMOCRACY

mere *obiter dicta*. This plea was disrespectful to the venerable man, who, clothed in the supreme ermine, had made an exposition of constitutional law, which had rolled in silvery cadence from the dark forests of the North to the glittering waters of the Gulf. He distinctly admitted that the South did ask of the Northern Democracy an advanced step in vindication of Southern rights; and Mr. Yancey's hour and a half closed while he was in the midst of a series of lofty periods, and Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, sprung to his feet. . .

Mr. Pugh took the platform in a condition of considerable warmth. There was an effort made to adjourn, but the crowd was eager for the fray, and insisted that Pugh should go on. He did so, thanking God that a bold and honest man from the South had at last spoken, and told the whole truth of the demands of the South. It was now before the convention and the country, that the South did demand an advanced step from the Democratic party. He then traced the downfall of the Northern Democracy, and the causes of that fall, charging the South with it. And now the Northern Democracy were taunted by the South with weakness. And here, it seemed, the Northern Democracy, because they were in the minority, were thrust back and told in effect they must put their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust. "Gentlemen of the South," said Mr. Pugh, "you mistake us—you mistake us—we will not do it." . . .

Yesterday there was a report current that the South, discovering the total impossibility of the nomination of Douglas while the convention remained consolidated, his full strength having

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been shown, and amounting to a bare majority, would find some excuse for staying in the convention even after the adoption of the minority report, and would slaughter Douglas under the two-thirds rule. This morning, however, it became apparent that the Douglas majority was firm, and the South desperate. It was not long before every observer saw that the long-looked-for explosion was at hand. The South would not stay in the convention, even to defeat Douglas, if the double-shuffle platform were adopted. . . .

The minority resolutions were carried as a substitute for the majority resolutions, by a vote of 165 to 138—this 138 is the solid anti-Douglas strength. Now the question came on the adoption of the substituted report—the definite, irrevocable vote of the convention upon the Douglas platform was divided into its substantive propositions. The resolution reaffirming the Cincinnati platform, believing Democratic principles to be unchangeable in their nature, was first voted upon, and it was carried by 237½ to 65. Now the question arose upon the adoption of the squatter sovereignty part of the platform—that part wherein it is stated that, “inasmuch as differences of opinion exist in the Democratic party,” it will abide by the Supreme Court. . . .

Mr. William A. Richardson, of Illinois, wished to speak. There were cries of “Hear Richardson.” A thrill of excitement passed around the hall, and everybody leaned forward or stood up to see and hear the right-hand man of the Little Giant.*

He had desired to say that Illinois, and the

* The term by which Douglas was familiarly known.

THE SPLIT IN THE DEMOCRACY

Northwest in general, had not been anxious to have anything but the Cincinnati platform, and would be content with that, if the others would. This was to have been his peace-offering—his olive branch. It took some minutes for the new tactics of Richardson to get circulation, and in the meantime, as one delegation after another understood the point, the votes of States were counted, and finally, with a general rush, the only resolution having the slightest significance in the minority report was stricken out. By a flank movement they had placed themselves upon the Cincinnati platform, pure and simple.

And now commenced the regular stampede. Alabama led the Southern column. Mississippi went next, with less formality but more vim. Mr. Glenn, of Mississippi, mounted a chair, and facing the Ohio delegation, which sat directly behind Mississippi, made one of the most impassioned and thrilling twenty-minute speeches to which I have ever listened. It was evident that every word was from his deepest convictions. He was pale as ashes, and his eyes rolled and glared as he told the gentlemen from Ohio how far they were from doing their duty now, and how kindly he felt toward them, and how they would have to take position yet upon the high ground of the South, or it would be all in vain that they would attempt to arrest the march of Black Republicanism. For the present they must go their ways, and the South must go her ways. He declared, too, with piercing emphasis, that in less than sixty days there would be an United South; and at this declaration there was the most enthusiastic shouting yet heard in the convention. . . .

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As the spokesman of Mississippi concluded what he had to say, Alexander Mouton, of Louisiana, and Colonel Simmons, of South Carolina, were claiming the floor, each to give warning that his State was going. Florida was the next to go, and then Arkansas.

HOW LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED

(1860)

BY MURAT HALSTEAD¹

After adjournment on Thursday (the second day), there were few men in Chicago who believed it possible to prevent the nomination of Seward.² When the convention was called to order, breathless attention was given the proceedings. There was not a space a foot square in the wigwam unoccupied. There were tens of thousands still outside, and torrents of men had rushed in at the three broad doors until not another one could squeeze in. . . .

The applause when Mr. Evarts³ named Seward was enthusiastic. When Mr. Judd named Lincoln the response was prodigious, rising and raging far beyond the Seward shriek. Presently, upon Caleb B. Smith seconding the nomination of Lincoln, the response was absolutely terrific. It now became the Seward men to make another effort, and when Blair, of Michigan, seconded his nomination,

¹ From a letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial*, dated May 18th, 1860.

² William Henry Seward, then United States Senator from New York.

³ William M. Evarts, the eminent lawyer who defended Andrew Johnson in the impeachment trial, and served as Secretary of State in Hayes's Cabinet.

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“At once there rose so wild a yell,
Within that dark and narrow dell;
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.”

The effect was startling. Hundreds of persons stopt their ears in pain. The shouting was absolutely frantic, shrill and wild. No Comanches, no panthers, ever struck a higher note, or gave screams with more infernal intensity. Looking from the stage over the vast amphitheater, nothing was to be seen below but thousands of hats—a black, mighty swarm of hats—flying with the velocity of hornets over a mass of human heads, most of the mouths of which were open. Above, all around the galleries, hats and handkerchiefs were flying in the tempest together. The wonder of the thing was that the Seward outside pressure should, so far from New York, be so powerful.

Now the Lincoln men had to try it again, and as Mr. Delano, of Ohio, on behalf “of a portion of the delegation of that State,” seconded the nomination of Lincoln, the uproar was beyond description. I thought the Seward yell could not be surpassed; but the Lincoln boys were clearly ahead, and feeling their victory, as there was a lull in the storm, took deep breaths all round, and gave a concentrated shriek that was positively awful, and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver. The division of the first vote caused a fall in Seward stock. It was seen that Lincoln, Cameron, and Bates had the strength to defeat Seward, and it was known that the greater part of the Chase vote would go for Lincoln.

HOW LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED

While this (the third) ballot was taken amid excitement that tested the nerves, the fatal defection from Seward in New England still further appeared—four votes going over from Seward to Lincoln in Massachusetts. The latter received four additional votes from Pennsylvania, and fifteen additional votes from Ohio. . . . The number of votes necessary to a choice were 233, and I saw under my pencil, as the Lincoln column was completed, the figures $231\frac{1}{2}$ —one vote and a half to give him the nomination. In a moment the fact was whispered about. A hundred pencils had told the same story. The news went over the house wonderfully, and there was a pause. There are always men anxious to distinguish themselves on such occasions. There is nothing that politicians like better than a crisis. I looked up to see who would be the man to give the decisive vote. . . . In about ten ticks of a watch, Cartter, of Ohio, was up. I had imagined Ohio would be slippery enough for the crisis. And sure enough! Every eye was on Cartter, and everybody who understood the matter at all, knew what he was about to do. He said, "I rise (eh), Mr. Chairman (eh), to announce the change of four votes of Ohio from Mr. Chase to Mr. Lincoln." The deed was done. There was a moment's silence. The nerves of the thousands, which through the hours of suspense had been subjected to terrible tension, relaxed, and deep breaths of relief were taken, there was a noise in the wigwam like the rush of a great wind in the van of a storm—and in another breath the storm was there. There were thousands cheering with the energy of insanity.

A man who had been on the roof, and was

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engaged in communicating the results of the balloting to the mighty mass of outsiders, now demanded by gestures at the skylight over the stage, to know what had happened. One of the secretaries, with a tally-sheet in his hands, shouted, "Fire the salute! Abe Lincoln is nominated!" As the cheering inside the wigwam subsided, we could hear that outside, where the news of the nomination had just been announced. And the roar, like the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep, that was heard, gave a new impulse to the enthusiasm inside. Then the thunder of the salute rose above the din, and the shouting was repeated with such tremendous fury that some discharges of the cannon were absolutely not heard by those on the stage. Puffs of smoke, drifting by open doors, and the smell of gunpowder, told what was going on. . . .

The town was full of the news of Lincoln's nomination, and could hardly contain itself; hundreds of men who had been in the wigwam were so prostrated by the excitement they had endured, and their exertions in shrieking for Seward or Lincoln, that they were hardly able to walk to their hotels. There were men who had not tasted liquor who staggered about like drunkards, unable to manage themselves. The Seward men were terribly stricken down. They were mortified beyond all expression, and walked thoughtfully and silently away from the slaughter-house, more ashamed than embittered. They acquiesced in the nomination, but did not pretend to be pleased with it; and the tone of their conversations, as to the prospect of electing the candidate, was not hopeful. It was their funeral,

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and they would not make merry. . . . I left the city on the night train on the Fort Wayne and Chicago road. The train consisted of eleven cars, every seat full, and people standing in the aisles and corners. At every station where there was a village, until after 2 o'clock, there were tar barrels burning, drums beating, boys carrying rails; and guns, great and small, banging away. The weary passengers were allowed no rest, but plagued by the thundering jar of cannon, the clamor of drums, the glare of bonfires, and the whooping of the boys, who were delighted with the idea of a candidate for the Presidency, who thirty years ago split rails on the Sangamon River—classic stream now and forevermore—and whose neighbors named him "honest."

THE RIGHT OF THE SOUTH TO SECEDE

(1861)

BY ROBERT TOOMBS¹

These thirteen colonies originally had no bond of union whatever; no more than Jamaica and Australia have to-day. They were wholly separate communities, independent of each other, and dependent on the Crown of Great Britain. All the union between them that was ever made is in writing. They made two written compacts. . .

Senators, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and duties of the Federal Government. All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusion against them, by declaring that the powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the States, belonged to the States respectively or the people. Now I will try it by that standard; I will subject it to that test. The law of nature, the law of justice, would say—and it is so expounded by the publicists—that equal rights in the common

¹ From Toombs's speech in the United States Senate, made shortly before the Southern States began to secede, and he resigned. Toombs had served from Georgia in the lower house of Congress from 1845 to 1853, and had entered the Senate in 1853. He belonged to the old-time Whig party, but refused to follow other Whigs into the Republican, or Union party, and became a Disunionist on issues raised by

THE RIGHT TO SECEDE

property shall be enjoyed. This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all States, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulations concerning the territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have. . . .

In a compact where there is no common arbiter, where the parties finally decide for themselves, the sword alone at last becomes the real, if not the constitutional, arbiter. Your party says that you will not take the decision of the Supreme Court. You said so at Chicago; you said so in committee; every man of you in both Houses says so. What are you going to do? You say we shall submit to your construction. We shall do it, if you can make us; but not otherwise, or in any other manner. That is settled. You may call it secession, or you may call it revolution; but there is a big fact standing before you, ready to oppose you—that fact is, freemen with arms in their hands. The cry of the Union will not disperse them; we have passed that point; they demand equal rights; you had better heed the demand. . . .

Lincoln's election. During the war he served in the Confederate Army as a brigadier-general, and at one time was Secretary of State of the Confederacy. He never took the oath required of Confederates of allegiance to the United States Government, altho he lived for twenty years after the war closed.

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I have, then, established the proposition—it is admitted—that you seek to outlaw \$4,000,000,000 of property of our people in the territories of the United States. Is not that a cause of war? Is it a grievance that \$4,000,000,000 of the property of the people should be outlawed in the territories of the United States by the common government? Then you have declared, Lincoln declares, your platform declares, your people declare, your legislatures declare—there is one voice running through your entire phalanx—that we shall be outlawed in the territories of the United States. I say we will not be; and we are willing to meet the issue; and rather than submit to such an outlawry, we will defend our territorial rights as we would our household gods.

You will not regard confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What, then, am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my State a free State, to lie down and submit because political fossils raise the cry of the glorious Union? Too long already have we listened to this delusive song. We are freemen. We have rights; I have stated them. We have wrongs; I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party now coming into power has declared us outlaws, and is determined to exclude four thousand million of our property from the common territories; that it has declared us under the ban of the empire; and out of the protection of the laws of the United States everywhere. They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the Constitution denies to us in the Union the right either to raise fleets or

THE RIGHT TO SECEDE

armies for our own defense. All these charges I have proven by the record; and I put them before the civilized world, and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of Heaven itself, upon the justice of these causes.

I am content, whatever it be, to peril all in so noble, so holy a cause. We have appealed, time and time again, for these constitutional rights. You have refused them. We appeal again. Restore us these rights as we had them, as your court adjudges them to be, just as all our people have said they are; redress these flagrant wrongs, seen of all men, and it will restore fraternity, and peace, and unity, to all of us. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you, "let us depart in peace." Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept it; and inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, "liberty and equality," we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquillity.

HOW LINCOLN MADE UP HIS CABINET

(1860)

BY THURLOW WEED¹

Immediately after the nomination of Mr. Lincoln for President, at Chicago, in the summer of 1860, while annoyed and dejected at the defeat of Governor Seward, as I was preparing to shake the dust of the city from my feet, Messrs. David Davis [afterward a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States], and Leonard Swett called at my room. These gentlemen, warm friends and zealous supporters of Mr. Lincoln, had contributed more than all others to his nomination. After his name was presented as a candidate for President, and received with favor by the citizens of Illinois, Messrs. Davis and Swett visited Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, for the purpose of commending Mr. Lincoln to the favorable consideration of prominent men in those States. They now called to converse with me about the approaching canvass. I informed them very frankly that I was so greatly disappointed at the

¹ From Weed's "Autobiography." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright, 1883. Mr. Weed, in the Chicago Convention that nominated Lincoln, had been a leader among the supporters of William H. Seward. He was at that time the editor of the *Albany Journal*, as he had been since 1830. He had long been influential in the State

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result of the action of the convention as to be unable to think or talk on the subject; that I was going to pass a few days upon the prairies of Iowa, and that by the time I reached Albany I should be prepared to do my duty for the Republican cause and for its nominees. They then urged me to return home via Springfield, where we could talk over the canvass with Mr. Lincoln, saying that they would either join me at Bloomington, where they resided, or meet me at Springfield.

After passing with a few friends a pleasant week in traveling through Iowa, I repaired to Springfield. We entered immediately upon the question which deeply concerned the welfare of the country, and which had an especial interest for Mr. Lincoln. We discust freely the prospects of success, assuming that all or nearly all the slave States would be against us. The issues had already been made, and could neither be changed nor modified; but there was much to be considered in regard to the manner of conducting the campaign, and in relation to States that were safe without effort, to those which required attention, and to others that were sure to be vigorously contested. Viewing these questions in their various aspects, I found Mr. Lincoln sagacious and practical. He displayed throughout the con-

and national politics of the Whig and Republican parties. Weed exercised an important influence in securing the nomination of Harrison in 1836-40; of Clay in 1844; of Taylor in 1848, and of Scott in 1852. He, with Seward and Horace Greeley, for many years formed in New York politics a sort of triumvirate, which exercised great power. It was finally dissolved in 1854, as Greeley said, "by the retirement of the junior partner," Greeley having become dissatisfied.

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versation so much good sense, such intuitive knowledge of human nature, and such familiarity with the virtues and infirmities of politicians, that I became impressed very favorably with his fitness for the duties which he was not unlikely to be called upon to discharge. This conversation lasted some five hours, and when the train arrived in which we were to depart, I rose all the better prepared to "go to work with a will" in favor of Mr. Lincoln's election, as the interview had inspired me with confidence in his capacity and integrity.

In December of that year, and after the electoral colleges had shown a large majority for Mr. Lincoln, I was invited to visit him at Springfield, where I again met my friends Davis and Swett. Mr. Lincoln, altho manifestly gratified with his election, foresaw and appreciated the dangers which threatened the safety both of the Government and of the Union. But while Mr. Lincoln never underestimated the difficulties which surrounded him, his nature was so elastic, and his temperament so cheerful, that he always seemed at ease and undisturbed. . . .

Mr. Lincoln remarked, smiling, "that he supposed I had had some experience in cabinet-making; that he had a job on hand, and as he had never learned that trade he was disposed to avail himself of the suggestions of friends." Taking up his figure, I replied, "that tho never a boss cabinet-maker, I had as a journeyman been occasionally consulted about State cabinets, and that altho President Taylor once talked with me about reforming his Cabinet, I had never been concerned in or presumed to meddle with the

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formation of an original Federal cabinet, and that he was the first President-elect I had ever seen." The question thus opened became the subject of conversation, at intervals, during that and the following day. I say at intervals, because many hours were consumed in talking of the public men connected with former administrations, interspersed, illustrated, and seasoned pleasantly with Mr. Lincoln's stories, anecdotes, etc.

Mr. Lincoln observed that "the making of a cabinet, now that he had it to do, was by no means as easy as he had supposed; that he had, even before the result of the election was known, assuming the probability of success, fixt upon the two leading members of his Cabinet, but that in looking about for suitable men to fill the other departments, he had been much embarrassed, partly from his want of acquaintance with the prominent men of the day, and partly, he believed, that while the population of the country had immensely increased, really great men were scarcer than they used to be." He then inquired whether I had any suggestions of a general character affecting the selection of a cabinet to make.

I replied that, along with the question of ability, integrity, and experience, he ought, in the selection of his Cabinet, to find men whose firmness and courage fitted them for the revolutionary ordeal which was about to test the strength of our Government; and that in my judgment it was desirable that at least two members of his Cabinet should be selected from slaveholding States. He inquired whether, in the emergency

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which I so much feared, they could be trusted, adding that he did not quite like to hear Southern journals and Southern speakers insisting that there must be no "coercion"; that while he had no disposition to coerce anybody, yet after he had taken an oath to execute the laws, he should not care to see them violated.

As the conversation progressed, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he intended to invite Governor Seward to take the State, and Governor Chase the Treasury Department, remarking that, aside from their long experience in public affairs, and their eminent fitness, they were prominently before the people and the convention as competitors for the Presidency, each having higher claims than his own for the place which he was to occupy. On naming Gideon Welles as the gentleman he thought of as the representative of New England in the Cabinet, I remarked that I thought he could find several New England gentlemen whose selection for a place in his Cabinet would be more acceptable to the people of New England. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "we must remember that the Republican party is constituted of two elements, and that we must have men of Democratic as well as of Whig antecedents in the Cabinet."

Acquiescing in this view the subject was passed over. And then Mr. Lincoln remarked that Judge Blair had been suggested. I inquired, "What Judge Blair?" and was answered, "Judge Montgomery Blair." "Has he been suggested by any one except his father, Francis P. Blair, Sr.?" "Your question," said Mr. Lincoln, "reminds me of a story," and he pro-

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ceeded with infinite humor to tell a story, which I would repeat if I did not fear that its spirit and effect would be lost. I finally remarked that if we were legislating on the question, I should move to strike out the name of Montgomery Blair and insert that of Henry Winter Davis. Mr. Lincoln laughingly replied, "Davis has been posting you up on this question. He came from Maryland and has got Davis on the brain. Maryland must, I think, be like New Hampshire, a good State to move from." And then he told a story of a witness in a neighboring county, who, on being asked his age, replied, "Sixty." Being satisfied that he was much older, the judge repeated the question, and on receiving the same answer, admonished the witness, saying that the court knew him to be much older than sixty. "Oh," said the witness, "you're thinking about that fifteen year that I lived down on the eastern shore of Maryland; that was so much lost time and don't count." This story, I perceived, was thrown in to give the conversation a new direction. It was very evident that the selection of Montgomery Blair was a fixt fact; and altho I subsequently ascertained the reasons and influences that controlled the selection of other members of the Cabinet, I never did find out how Mr. Blair got there.

General Cameron's name was next introduced, and in reference to him and upon the peculiarities and characteristics of Pennsylvania statesmen we had a long conversation. In reply to a question of Mr. Lincoln's, I said that I had personally known General Cameron for twenty-five years; that for the last ten years I had seen

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a good deal of him; that whenever I had met him at Washington or elsewhere he had treated me with much kindness, inspiring me with friendly feeling. "But you do not," said Mr. Lincoln, "say what you think about him for the Cabinet." On that subject I replied that I was embarrassed; that Mr. Cameron during a long and stirring political life had made warm friends and bitter enemies; that while his appointment would gratify his personal friends, it would offend his opponents, among whom were many of the leading and influential Republicans of that State; that I was, as I had already stated, in view of an impending rebellion, anxious that Mr. Lincoln should have the support of not only a strong Cabinet, but one which would command the confidence of the people. We continued to canvass General Cameron in this spirit for a long time, Mr. Lincoln evidently sharing in the embarrassment which I had expressed, and manifesting, I thought, a desire that I should fully endorse General Cameron. I told him that if it were a personal question I should not hesitate to do so, for that I liked General Cameron, and entertained no doubt of his regard for me, but that as I was not sure that his appointment would give strength to the administration, I must leave the matter with himself. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "Pennsylvania, any more than New York or Ohio, can not be overlooked. Her strong Republican vote, not less than her numerical importance, entitles her to a representative in the Cabinet. Who is stronger or better than General Cameron?" To this question I was unprepared for a reply, for among General Cameron's friends

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there was no one eminently qualified, and would have been equally unjust and unwise to take an opponent, and finally General Cameron's case was passed over, but neither decided nor dismissed.

I now renewed my suggestion about having the slave States represented in the Cabinet. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "you object to Judge Blair, who resides in a slave State." "I object to Judge Blair because he represents nobody, he has no following, and because his appointment would be obnoxious to the Union men of Maryland; and that, as I believe, while he can look into Maryland, he actually resides in the District of Columbia." "Very well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I will now give you the name of a gentleman who not only resides in a slave State, but who is emphatically a representative man. What objection have you to Edward Bates, of Missouri?" "None, not a shadow or a shade of an objection. That is a selection, as Mr. Webster might have said, 'eminently fit to be made.' The political record of Mr. Bates is proverbially consistent. He was a reliable Whig member of Congress from the State of Missouri thirty years ago; he was the able and popular president of the great River and Harbor Improvement Convention at Chicago twenty years ago; his high personal and professional character, his habits of industry, his equable temper, and his inalienable devotion to the Government and Union, fit and qualify him in my judgment admirably for a cabinet minister. . . .

It was now settled that Governor Seward was to be Secretary of State, Governor Chase, Secre-

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tary of the Treasury, and Mr. Bates the Attorney-General. I was satisfied that Mr. Lincoln intended to give Mr. Welles one of the other places in the Cabinet; that he was strongly inclined to give another place to Mr. Blair, and that his mind was not quite clear in regard to General Cameron. Only one place, therefore, remained open, and that, it was understood, was to be given to Indiana; but whether it was to be Caleb B. Smith or Colonel Lane was undetermined. I inquired whether, in the shape which the question was taking, it was just or wise to concede so many seats in the Cabinet to the Democratic element in the Republican party. He replied that as a Whig he thought he could afford to be liberal to a section of the Republican party without whose votes he could not have been elected.

I admitted the justice and wisdom of this, adding that in arranging and adjusting questions of place and patronage in our State we had acted in that spirit, but that I doubted both the justice and the wisdom, in inaugurating his administration, of giving to a minority of the Republican party a majority in his Cabinet. I added that the national convention indicated unmistakably the sentiment of its constituency by nominating for President a candidate with Whig antecedents, while its nominee for Vice-President had been for many years a Democratic representative in Congress. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "why do you assume that we are giving that section of our party a majority in the Cabinet?" I replied that if Messrs. Chase, Cameron, Welles, and Blair should be designated, the Cabinet would stand four to three. "You seem to forget that

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I expect to be there; and counting me as one, you see how nicely the Cabinet would be balanced and ballasted. Besides," said Mr. Lincoln, "in talking of General Cameron you admitted that his political status was unexceptionable. I suppose we could say of General Cameron, without offense, that he is 'not Democrat enough to hurt him.' I remember that people used to say, without disturbing my self-respect, that I was not lawyer enough to hurt me." I admitted that I had no political objection to General Cameron, who, I was quite sure, would forget whether applicants for appointment had been Whig or Democrat.

In this way, the conversation being alternately earnest and playful, two days passed very pleasantly. I wish it were possible to give in Mr. Lincoln's amusing but quaint manner the many stories, anecdotes, and witticisms with which he interlarded and enlivened what, with almost any of his predecessors in the high office of President, would have been a grave, dry consultation. The great merit of Mr. Lincoln's stories, like Captain Bunsby's opinion, "lays in the application of it." They always and exactly suited the occasion and the subject, and none to which I ever listened were far-fetched or pointless.

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION

(1861)

BY WILLIAM H. HERNDON¹

Early in February the last item of preparation for the journey to Washington had been made. Mr. Lincoln had disposed of his household goods and furniture to a neighbor, had rented his house; and as these constituted all the property he owned in Illinois, there was no further occasion for concern on that score. In the afternoon of his last day in Springfield he came down to our office to examine some papers and confer with me about certain legal matters in which he still felt some interest. On several previous occasions he had told me he was coming over to the office "to have a long talk with me," as he expressed it. We ran over the books and arranged for the completion of all unsettled and unfinished matters. In some cases he had certain requests to make—certain lines of procedure he wished me to observe.

After these things were all disposed of he crossed to the opposite side of the room and

¹ From Herndon and Wiek's "Life of Lincoln." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company. Copyright, 1892. Mr. Herndon was Lincoln's law partner at Springfield. His "Life of Lincoln" had been much esteemed for its fidelity to actual conditions in Lincoln's life, and for its exposition of certain elemental points in Lincoln's character.

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threw himself down on the old office sofa, which, after many years of service, had been moved against the wall for support. He lay for some moments, his face toward the ceiling, without either of us speaking. Presently he inquired, "Billy,"—he always called me by that name—"how long have we been together?" "Over sixteen years," I answered. "We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?" to which I returned a vehement, "No, indeed we have not." He then recalled some incidents of his early practise and took great pleasure in delineating the ludicrous features of many a lawsuit on the circuit.

It was at this last interview in Springfield that he told me of the efforts that had been made by other lawyers to supplant me in the partnership with him. He insisted that such men were weak creatures, who, to use his own language, "hoped to secure a law practise by hanging to his coat-tail." I never saw him in a more cheerful mood. He gathered a bundle of books and papers he wished to take with him and started to go; but before leaving he made the strange request that the sign-board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway, should remain. "Let it hang there undisturbed," he said, with a significant lowering of his voice. "Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I'm coming back some time, and then we'll go right on practising law as if nothing had ever happened."

He lingered for a moment as if to take a last look at the old quarters, and then passed through

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the door into the narrow hallway. I accompanied him downstairs. On the way he spoke of the unpleasant features surrounding the Presidential office. "I am sick of office-holding already," he complained, "and I shudder when I think of the tasks that are still ahead." He said the sorrow of parting from his old associations was deeper than most persons would imagine, but it was more marked in his case because of the feeling which had become irrepressible that he would never return alive. I argued against the thought, characterizing it as an illusory notion not in harmony or keeping with the popular ideal of a President. "But it is in keeping with my philosophy," was his quick retort. Our conversation was frequently broken in upon by the interruptions of passers-by, who, each in succession, seemed desirous of claiming his attention. At length he broke away from them all. Grasping my hand warmly and with a fervent "Good-by," he disappeared down the street, and never came back to the office again.

On the morning following this last interview, the 11th day of February, the Presidential party repaired to the railway station, where the train which was to convey them to Washington awaited the ceremony of departure. The day was a stormy one, with dense clouds hanging heavily overhead. A goodly throng of Springfield people had gathered to see the distinguished party safely off. . . . The train rolled slowly out, and Mr. Lincoln, still standing in the doorway of the rear car, took his last view of Springfield. The journey had been as well advertised as it had been carefully planned, and, therefore, at every town

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along the route, and at every stop, great crowds were gathered to catch a glimpse of the President-elect. Mr. Lincoln usually gratified the wishes of the crowds, who called him out for a speech whether it was down on the regular program of movements or not. In all cases his remarks were well-timed and sensibly uttered. . .

Having at last reached his destination in safety, Mr. Lincoln spent the few days preceding his inauguration at Willard's Hotel, receiving an uninterrupted stream of visitors and friends. In the few unoccupied moments allotted him, he was carefully revising his inaugural address. On the morning of the 4th of March he rode from his hotel with Mr. Buchanan in an open barouche to the Capitol. There, slightly pale and nervous, he was introduced to the assembled multitude by his old friend, Edward D. Baker, and in a fervid and impressive manner delivered his address.³ At its conclusion the customary oath was administered by the venerable Chief Justice Taney, and he was now clothed with all the powers and privileges of Chief Magistrate of the nation. He accompanied Mr. Buchanan to the White House, and here the historic bachelor of Lancaster bade him farewell, bespeaking for him a peaceful,

³ Baker at that time was famous as a speaker, and represented Oregon in the Senate. His speech in the Senate on August 1, 1861, eleven days after the Battle of Bull Run, was one of the most dramatic of all those delivered in Congress during the war. He made this speech in reply to Breckenridge, of Kentucky, who had been defeated in 1860 as the Southern candidate for President. Breckenridge was afterward expelled from the Senate. Breckenridge was already on his feet when Baker, then a colonel in the army as well as a Senator, alternating his services between his seat in the Senate and his tent in the field, entered the Senate-

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prosperous, and successful administration. One who witnessed the impressive scene left the following graphic description of the inauguration and its principal incidents:

"Near noon I found myself a member of the motley crowd gathered about the side-entrance to Willard's Hotel. Soon an open barouche drove up, and the only occupant stepped out. A large, heavy, awkward-moving man, far advanced in years, short and thin gray hair, full face, plentifully seamed and wrinkled, head curiously inclined to the left shoulder, a low-crowned, broad-brimmed silk hat, an immense white cravat like a poultice, thrusting the old-fashioned standing collar up to the ears, drest in black throughout, with swallowtail coat not of the newest style. It was President Buchanan, calling to take his successor to the Capitol.

"In a few minutes he reappeared, with Mr. Lincoln on his arm; the two took seats side by side, and the carriage rolled away, followed by a rather disorderly and certainly not very imposing procession. I had ample time to walk to the Capitol, and no difficulty in securing a place where everything could be seen and heard to the best advantage. The attendance at the inaugura-

chamber at the eastern door, wearing his blue army coat and fatigue cap, a riding-whip in his hand and his sword in its scabbard. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," tells how Baker "laid his sword upon his desk" and sat down, listening to Breckenridge. When Breckenridge had finished, Baker, "his face aglow with excitement, sprang to the floor. No more thrilling speech was ever delivered. The striking appearance of the speaker in the uniform of a soldier, his superb voice, his graceful manner, all united to give the occasion an extraordinary interest." Eleven weeks later Baker lay dead on the field of Ball's Bluff.

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tion was, they told me, unusually small, many being kept away by anticipated disturbance, as it had been rumored—truly, too—that General Scott himself was fearful of an outbreak, and had made all possible military preparations to meet the emergency. A square platform had been built out from the steps to the eastern portico, with benches for distinguished spectators on three sides. Douglas, the only one I recognized, sat at the extreme end of the seat on the right of the narrow passage leading from the steps.

“There was no delay, and the gaunt form of the President-elect was soon visible, slowly making his way to the front. To me, at least, he was completely metamorphosed—partly by his own fault, and partly through the efforts of injudicious friends and ambitious tailors. He was raising (to gratify a very young lady, it is said), a crop of whiskers, of the blacking-brush variety, coarse, stiff, and ungraceful; and in so doing spoiled, or at least seriously impaired, a face which, tho never handsome, had in its original state a peculiar power and pathos. On the present occasion the whiskers were reinforced by brand new clothes from top to toe; black dress coat instead of the usual frock, black cloth or satin vest, black pantaloons, and a glossy hat evidently just out of the box. To cap the climax of novelty, he carried a huge ebony cane, with a gold head the size of an egg. In these, to him strange habiliments, he looked so miserably uncomfortable that I could not help pitying him.

“Reaching the platform, his discomfort was visibly increased by not knowing what to do with hat and cane; and so he stood there, the target

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for ten thousand eyes, holding cane in one hand and hat in the other, the very picture of helpless embarrassment. After some hesitation he pushed the cane into a corner of the railing, but could not find a place for the hat except on the floor, where I could see he did not like to risk it. Douglas, who fully took in the situation, came to the rescue of his old friend and rival, and held the precious hat until the owner needed it again; a service which, if predicted two years before, would probably have astonished him.

"The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Taney, whose black robes, attenuated figure, and cadaverous countenance reminded me of a galvanized corpse. Then the President came forward and read his inaugural address in a clear and distinct voice. It was attentively listened to by all, but the closest listener was Douglas, who leaned forward as if to catch every word, nodding his head emphatically at those passages which most pleased him. There was some applause, not very much nor very enthusiastic. I must not forget to mention the presence of a Mephistopheles in the person of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, who stood with folded arms leaning against the doorway of the Capitol, looking down upon the crowd and the ceremony with a contemptuous air, which sufficiently indicated his opinion of the whole performance. To him, the Southern Confederacy was already an accomplished fact. He lived to see it the saddest of fictions."

OF LINCOLN, SEWARD, STANTON, CHASE, AND WELLES

BY CHARLES A. DANA¹

During the first winter I spent in Washington in the War Department I had constant opportunities of seeing Mr. Lincoln, and of conversing with him in the cordial and unofficial manner which he always preferred. Not that there was ever any lack of dignity in the man. Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and of an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of his position. He never posed, or put on airs, or attempted to make any particular impression; but he was always conscious of his own ideas and purposes, even in his most unreserved moments.

I knew, too, and saw frequently, all the members of his Cabinet. When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated as President, his first act was to name his Cabinet; and it was a common remark at the time that he had put into it every man who had competed with him for the nomination. The first in importance was William H. Seward, of New York, Mr. Lincoln's most prominent competitor.

¹ From Dana's "Recollections of the Civil War." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company. Copyright, 1898. Mr. Dana was Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton. Before the war he had long been managing editor of the *New York Tribune*. After the war he became editor of the *New York Sun*, and so remained until his death.

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Mr. Seward was made Secretary of State. He was an interesting man, of an optimistic temperament, and he probably had the most cultivated and comprehensive intellect in the administration. He was a man who was all his life in controversies, yet he was singular in this, that, tho forever in fights, he had almost no personal enemies. Seward had great ability as a writer, and he had what is very rare in a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman—imagination. A fine illustration of his genius was the acquisition of Alaska. That was one of the last things that he did before he went out of office, and it demonstrated more than anything else his fixt and never-changing idea that all North America should be united under one government.

Mr. Seward was an admirable writer and an impressive, tho entirely unpretentious speaker. He stood up and talked as tho he were engaged in conversation, and the effect was always great. It gave the impression of a man deliberating “out loud” with himself.

The second man in importance and ability to be put into the Cabinet was Mr. Chase, of Ohio. He was an able, noble, spotless statesman, a man who would have been worthy of the best days of the old Roman republic. He had been a candidate for the Presidency, tho a less conspicuous one than Seward. Mr. Chase was a portly man; tall, and of an impressive appearance, with a very handsome, large head. He was genial, tho very decided, and occasionally he would criticize the President, a thing I never heard Mr. Seward do. Chase had been successful in Ohio politics, and in the Treasury Department his administra-

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tion was satisfactory to the public. He was the author of the national banking law. . . .

Mr. Stanton was a short, thick, dark man, with a very large head and a mass of black hair. His nature was intense, and he was one of the most eloquent men that I ever met. Stanton was entirely absorbed in his duties, and his energy in prosecuting them was something almost superhuman. When he took hold of the War Department the armies seemed to grow, and they certainly gained in force and vim and thoroughness. One of the first things which struck me in Mr. Stanton was his deep religious feeling and his familiarity with the Bible. He must have studied the Bible a great deal when he was a boy. He had the firmest conviction that the Lord directed our armies.

There was never any cant in Stanton's religious feeling. It was the straightforward expression of what he believed and lived, and was as simple and genuine and real to him as the principles of his business. Stanton was a serious student of history. He had read many books on the subject—more than on any other, I should say—and he was fond of discussing historical characters with his associates; not that he made a show of his learning. He was fond, too, of discussing legal questions, and would listen with eagerness to the statement of cases in which friends had been interested. He was a man who was devoted to his friends, and he had a good many with whom he liked to sit down and talk. In conversation he was witty and satirical; he told a story well, and was very companionable. . . .

There were certain men in whom he had little

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faith, and I have heard him speak of some of these in a tone of severity. He was a man of the quickest intelligence, and understood a thing before half of it was told him. His judgment was just as swift, and when he got hold of a man who did not understand, who did not state his case clearly, he was very impatient. If Stanton liked a man, he was always pleasant. I was with him for several years in the most confidential relations, and I can now recall only one instance of his speaking to me in a harsh tone. . . .

The Secretary of the Navy throughout the war, was Gideon Welles, of Connecticut. Welles was a curious-looking man: he wore a wig which was parted in the middle, the hair falling down on each side; and it was from his peculiar appearance, I have always thought, that the idea that he was an old foggy originated. I remember Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, coming into my office at the War Department one day, and asking where he could find "that old Mormon deacon, the Secretary of the Navy." In spite of his peculiarities, I think Mr. Welles was a very wise, strong man. There was nothing decorative about him; there was no noise in the street when he went along; but he understood his duty, and did it efficiently, continually, and unvaryingly. There was a good deal of opposition to him, for we had no navy when the war began, and he had to create one without much deliberation; but he was patient, laborious, and intelligent. . . .

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying candor, respect, and kind-

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ness; but the several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this was true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton—and tho there was nothing of self-hood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will in questions where responsibility fell upon him. If he ever yielded to theirs, it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I fancied during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them, that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them. At the same time I do not recollect a single occasion when any member of the Cabinet had got his mind ready to quit his post from any feeling of dissatisfaction with the policy or conduct of the President. Not that they were always satisfied with his actions; the members of the Cabinet, like human beings in general, were not pleased with everything. In their judgment much was imperfect in the administration; much, they felt, would have been done better if their views had been adopted and they individually had had charge of it. Not so with the President.

He was calm, equable, uncomplaining. In the discussion of important questions, whatever he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking. He seemed to see every side of every question. He never was impatient, he never was in a hurry, and he never tried to hurry anybody else. To every one he was pleasant and cordial. Yet they all felt it was his word that

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went at last; that every case was open until he gave his decision.

This impression of authority, of reserve force, Mr. Lincoln always gave to those about him. Even physically he was impressive. According to the record measurements, he was six feet four inches in height. That is, he was at least four inches taller than the tall, ordinary man. When he rode out on horseback to review an army, as I have frequently seen him do, he wore usually a high hat, and then he looked like a giant. There was no waste or excess of material about his frame; nevertheless, he was very strong and muscular. I remember that the last time I went to see him at the White House—the afternoon before he was killed—I found him in a side-room with coat off and sleeves rolled up, washing his hands. He had finished his work for the day, and was going away. I noticed then the thinness of his arms, and how well developed, strong, and active his muscles seemed to be. In fact, there was nothing flabby or feeble about Mr. Lincoln physically. He was a very quick man in his movements when he chose to be, and he had immense physical endurance. Night after night he would work late and hard without being wilted by it, and he always seemed as ready for the next day's work as tho he had done nothing the day before.

Mr. Lincoln's face was thin, and his features were large. His hair was black, his eyebrows heavy, his forehead square and well developed. His complexion was dark and quite sallow. His smile was something most lovely. I have never seen a woman's smile that approached it in its

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engaging quality, nor have I ever seen another face which would light up as Mr. Lincoln's did when something touched his heart or amused him. I have heard it said that he was ungainly, that his step was awkward. He never impressed me as being awkward. In the first place, there was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly spirit looking from his eyes, that when you were near him you never thought whether he was awkward or graceful; you thought of nothing except, What a kindly character this man has! Then, too, there was such shrewdness in his kindly features that one did not care to criticize him. His manner was always dignified, and even if he had done an awkward thing, the dignity of his character and manner would have made it seem graceful and becoming.

The great quality of his appearance was benevolence and benignity; the wish to do somebody some good if he could; and yet there was no flabby philanthropy about Abraham Lincoln. He was all solid, hard, keen intelligence, combined with goodness. Indeed, the expression of his face and of his bearing which impressed one most, after his benevolence and benignity, was his intelligent understanding. You felt that here was a man who saw through things, who understood, and you respected him accordingly.

Lincoln had the most comprehensive, the most judicious mind; he was the least faulty in his conclusions of any man I have ever known. He never slept too soon, and he never slept too late. When the whole Northern country seemed clamoring for him to issue a proclamation abolish-

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ing slavery, he didn't do it. Deputation after deputation went to Washington. I remember once a hundred gentlemen, drest in black coats, mostly clergymen from Massachusetts, came to Washington to appeal to him to proclaim the abolition of slavery. But he did not do it. He allowed Mr. Cameron and General Butler to execute their great idea of treating slaves as contraband of war and protecting those who had got into our lines against being recaptured by their Southern owners; but he would not prematurely make the proclamation that was so much desired. Finally the time came, and of that he was the judge. Nobody else decided it; nobody commanded it; the proclamation was issued as he thought best, and it was efficacious. . . .

This unerring judgment, this patience which waited and which knew when the right time had arrived, is an intellectual quality that I do not find exercised upon any such scale and with such absolute precision by any other man in history. It proves Abraham Lincoln to have been intellectually one of the greatest of rulers. If we look through the record of great men, where is there one to be placed beside him? I do not know.

Another interesting fact about Abraham Lincoln is that he developed into a great military man; that is to say, a man of supreme military judgment. I do not risk anything in saying that if one will study the records of the war, and study the writings relating to it, he will agree with me that the greatest general we had, greater than Grant or Thomas, was Abraham Lincoln. It was not so at the beginning; but after three or four years of constant practise in the science

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and art of war, he arrived at this extraordinary knowledge of it, so that Von Moltke was not a better general, or an abler planner or expounder of a campaign, than was President Lincoln. To sum it up, he was a born leader of men. He knew human nature; he knew what chord to strike, and was never afraid to strike it when he believed that the time had arrived. . . .

Another remarkable peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's was that he seemed to have no illusions. He had no freakish notions that things were so, or might be so, when they were not so. All his thinking and reasoning, all his mind, in short, was based continually upon actual facts, and upon facts of which, as I said, he saw the essence. I never heard him say anything that was not so. I never heard him foretell things; he told what they were, but I never heard him intimate that such and such consequences were likely to happen without the consequences following. I should say, perhaps, that his greatest quality was wisdom. And this is something superior to talent, superior to education. It is again genius; I do not think it can be acquired. All the advice that he gave was wise, and it was always timely. This wisdom, it is scarcely necessary to add, had its animating philosophy in his own famous words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

HOW ILL PREPARED THE SOUTH WAS FOR WAR

I

BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS¹

The war was a war between States regularly organized into two separate Federal republics. Eleven States on the one side, under the name and style of "The Confederate States of America," and twenty-two States on the other side, under the like name and style of "The United States of America." We may properly enough designate the parties to the war that now ensued by terms "Confederates" and "Federal," tho the latter term will by no means correctly represent the principles of those thus designated. In the beginning, and throughout the contest, the object of the "Confederates" was to maintain the separate sovereignty of each State, and the right of self-government, which that necessarily carries with it. The object of the "Federal," on the contrary, was to maintain a centralized sovereignty over all the States, on both sides. This was the fundamental principle involved in the

¹ From Stephens's "War Between the States." Stephens was born in 1812 and died in 1883. He opposed secession in 1860, but afterward went with his State, Georgia. He served as Vice-President of the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865. After the war he served in Congress from Georgia, and was elected Governor of that State.

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conflict, which must be kept constantly in mind.

Mr. Lincoln, by his proclamation, had ordered an increase to the regular Federal army of 64,748 men, and an increase to the navy of 18,000 men. The regular Federal army, besides the volunteer forces called out, before this increase, consisted of about 16,000 men. The new force added by Presidential edict swelled the number of the regular army to about 80,748 men. The Federal navy, before the increase so ordered, consisted of about 10,000 men, exclusive of officers and marines. The total number of vessels of all classes belonging to this navy was ninety, carrying or designed to carry, about 2,415 guns. The increase of men under the Presidential edict ran the aggregate of seamen in service up to nearly 30,000.

The Confederates, on their assembling in Congress, on the 29th of April, as stated, went to work the best way they could to meet this formidable array of power against them. By Act of Congress they simply recognized the existence of war so inaugurated against them, excluding from their Act the States of Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware. These they did not recognize as parties to the war. With this recognition of the war so forced upon them, they resorted to all the means at their command to repel it. At their first organization, less than three months before, they were without an exchequer, an army, or a navy of any sort, and without any munitions of war, except those which had fallen into the hands of the several States in the Federal forts, and which had been turned over to them, to be used in the common cause.

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The State of Alabama, on the first assembling of the convention, at Montgomery, had tendered them, for temporary use, a half million dollars, and, before the affair at Sumter, the Congress had provided, by law, for making a loan of \$15¹-000,000, to repay Alabama's advance, and to meet other necessary emergencies. But now further means became necessary. To meet the forces arrayed against them a large army was necessary. To raise and equip this required much larger expenditures of money than the amounts at their command.

Another loan was authorized to the amount of \$50,000,000. This was to be effected by the sale of Confederate State bonds, redeemable at the expiration of twenty years from their date, bearing an interest of 8 per cent. per annum. The same act authorized the issuance of twenty millions of treasury notes, in lieu of a like amount of bonds to answer the same purposes, if the Secretary of the Treasury and the President should deem it better to issue the treasury notes instead of making a sale of the bonds. Besides this, another measure was adopted, known as the Produce Loan. By this, invitations were given for contributions of cotton, tobacco, corn, wheat, flour, meat, and army subsistence generally, in the way of a loan. By the terms of the act, the articles so contributed were to be sold, and the proceeds to be turned over to the Secretary of the Treasury, who was to issue 8 per cent. bonds for the same. These were the extraordinary methods adopted for raising means, besides the other regular modes of providing revenue without resorting to direct taxa-

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tion. So much for the financial measures of the Confederates, at present.

In view of the exigency for an immediate military force in the field, the Congress looked almost exclusively to the volunteer spirit of the people. By Act, they authorized the President to accept the services of 100,000 volunteers, either as cavalry, mounted riflemen, artillery, or infantry, in such proportions of these several arms as he might deem expedient, to serve for and during the war, unless sooner discharged. The Congress also provided for the appointment of five general officers, to have the rank of "General," instead of "Brigadier-General" as previously provided. This was to be the highest military grade known in the Confederate States service.

In lieu of a regular navy, their only resort was the enlistment of armed ships under letters of marque. Very soon quite a number of small vessels were thus put in commission, and reached the high seas by running the blockade. Among these may be named the *Calhoun*, the *Petrel*, the *Spray*, the *Ivy*, the *Webb*, the *Dixey*, the *Jefferson Davis*, the *Bonita*, the *Gordon*, the *Coffee*, the *York*, the *McRae*, the *Savannah*, the *Nina*, the *Jackson*, the *Tuscarora*—besides others. In less than a month, more than twenty prizes were taken and run into Southern ports. The steamers *Sumter* and *Nashville*, fitted out by the government, and under the command of naval officers, went to sea at a later date. The *Sumter* ran the blockade at the mouth of the Mississippi, on the 30th of June, in charge of Commander Raphael Semmes, a gallant officer who had resigned his position in the navy of the United States, and

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who thus entered upon that brilliant career in the Confederate service which has secured to him a lasting fame and renown. The *Nashville* was put in command of Captain Robert B. Pegram, another resigned officer of the United States Navy, of experience, skill, and distinction. It was several months later before Captain Pegram got his vessel out of the port of Charleston.

This "militia upon the high seas" captured many millions of the enemy's property, and produced a great sensation throughout the Northern States. As many as twenty prizes, and several prisoners, were taken by those which first got to sea, before the end of May. The Congress at Montgomery, by law, immediately provided for their proper treatment, which was in strict accordance with the usage and humanity of the most civilized nations. The Act directed that they should be treated "as prisoners of war," and "furnished with rations in quantity and quality as those furnished to enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy."

After these measures on the finances, the army, and the navy, the Congress adjourned on the 21st day of May, to meet again on the 20th of July, in the city of Richmond, Va., which was settled upon as the future seat of government.

In the meantime, the call which had been made for volunteers had been most enthusiastically responded to. Before the reassemblage of the Congress in Richmond, more than 100,000 men had prest the tender of their services in the cause, and more than 50,000 were under arms organized into battalions and regiments, and ready for duty in one part of the country or

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another. The largest number were collected in different places in Virginia, where the first blow from the enemy was expected.²

² Mrs. Chesnut, wife of the Confederate general, James Chesnut, writes in her "Diary from Dixie," under date of February 4, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., then the Confederate capital: "In Mrs. Davis's drawing-room last night, the President took a seat by me on the sofa where I sat. He talked for nearly an hour. He laughed at our faith in our own powers. We are like the British. We think every Southerner equal to three Yankees at least. We will have to be equivalent to a dozen now. After his experience of the fighting qualities of Southerners in Mexico, he believes that we will do all that can be done by pluck and muscle, endurance, and dogged courage, dash, and red-hot patriotism. And yet his tone was not sanguine. There was a sad refrain running through it all. For one thing, either way, he thinks it will be a long war. That floored me at once. It has been too long for me already. Then he said, before the end came we would have many bitter experiences. He said only fools doubted the courage of the Yankees, or their willingness to fight when they saw fit. And now that we have stung their pride, we have roused them till they will fight like devils."

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II

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON¹

A wise prophet, basing his prophecies upon the patent facts of the situation, could not have failed to foretell the outcome of such a war with precision and certainty. The utmost that the South could do—even by “robbing the cradle and the grave,” as was wittily and sadly said at the time, was to put 600,000 men into the field, first and last. The North was able to enlist an aggregate of 2,778,304, or, if we reduce this to a basis of three years’ service for each man, the Union enlistments for three full years numbered no less than 2,326,168—or nearly four times the total enlistments in the Confederate army from beginning to end of the war. Yet the Confederate armies included practically every white man in the South who was able to bear arms. There was in effect a levy *en masse*, including the entire male population from early boyhood to extreme old age.

Again, the Federal Government had a navy and

¹ From Eggleston’s “History of the Confederate War.” By permission of the publishers, Sturgis & Walton Company. Copyright, 1910.

Mr. Eggleston was a native of Indiana, but had settled in Virginia for the practise of law before the war broke out. He enlisted in the Confederate army, and served there until the fall of Richmond. He came to New York after the war, and served many years on prominent newspapers. He wrote successful novels, and, near the end of his life, published a volume of reminiscences and his “History of the Confederate War.”

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the Confederates none. 'It was certain from the beginning that the Federal authorities would completely shut the South in by blockading and closely sealing every Southern port. Thus the Federals—as was apparent in advance—were destined to have the whole world to draw upon for soldiers, for supplies, for ammunition, for improved arms, and for everything else that contributes to military strength, while the South must rely absolutely upon itself—ill armed, and unequipped with anything except courage, devotion, and heroic fortitude.

There were no facilities at the South for the manufacture of arms. There was not an armory in all that land that could turn out a musket of the pattern then in use, not a machine-shop that could convert a muzzle-loading rifle into a breech-loader, or give to any gun so much as a choke bore. There were foundries that could cast iron cannon of an antique pattern, but not one that could make a modern gun. There were machine shops—a very few—in which the Northern-made locomotives then in use on Southern railroads could be repaired in a small way, but there was not in all the South a shop in which a useful locomotive could be built. Nor were there any car-builders who had had experience in the making of rolling-stock fit for service.

In brief, the South was an agricultural region, accustomed to depend upon the North and upon Europe for its mechanical devices, and the outbreak of war was clearly destined to be the signal for the shutting off of both Northern and European supplies. Even in the matter of medicines—and greatly more soldiers die of disease

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than of wounds—the South had no adequate supply and no assured means of creating one for itself. Quinine, calomel and opium were scarcely less necessary than gunpowder and bullets to the conduct of military operations. Yet there was nowhere in the South a “plant” that could produce any one of those drugs. Nor was there anywhere a mercury supply from which calomel might be made. Early in the war it became impossible to procure so much as a Seidlitz powder in the South. There was nowhere a factory that could make a scalpel, to say nothing of more ingeniously contrived surgical implements. The materials for making gunpowder were so wanting that citizens were urged a little later to dig up the earthen floors of the smokehouses and their tobacco barns, and were instructed in the art of extracting the niter from them.

In the towns women were officially solicited to save their chamber lye and deliver it to the authorities in order that its chemicals might be utilized in the creation of explosives. Farmers were by law forbidden to burn corn-cobs in their fireplaces, and required to turn them over instead to the authorities in order that their sodas and potashes might be utilized in the manufacture of gunpowder. Women were urged to grow poppies and instructed in the art of so scarring the plants as to secure the precious gum from which opium could be made for the relief of suffering in the hospitals. They were taught also how to harvest and stew dogfennel in order to secure a substitute for quinine. The negro boys were set at work to dig up the roots of the dogwood, and women were taught to extract from the bark of

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such roots a bitters, which served as a substitute for the unobtainable quinine.

In short, at every point the South was lamentably lacking in supplies, and the blockade, established early in the war, forbade the incoming of such things as were needed except at serious risk of capture and confiscation. Even food supplies were from the first to the last meager. The South produced very little corn, pork, wheat, and the like, in comparison with the production of the great northwestern States, or in comparison with the need that was created by the enlistment of all the able-bodied white men of that region in the Confederate army.

Thus, the South was at a fearful disadvantage from the first; the wiser men of the South knew the fact in advance. They had courage, and they had little else. Their achievement in maintaining a strenuous war for four years in face of such disparities of force and resources, must always be accounted to their credit as brave and resourceful men.

It was certain from the first that the South must be beaten in its struggle—unless by dash and daring it should win at once, or unless, by some remote chance, assistance should come from without. The chance of that was very small, but it existed as a factor in the problem. The chief hope the Southern people had of winning the war upon which they entered with courage and enthusiasm was born of the delusive belief that the god of battles awards victory, not to the strong, but to the righteous. They devoutly believed that their cause was righteous, and, in spite of all the teachings of history, they ex-

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pected God to interpose in some fashion to give them the victory. They believed themselves to be battling for the same right of self-government among men that their Revolutionary ancestors had fought for, and they refused to recognize any disparity of resources between the contending forces as a sufficient reason for their failure under the rule of a just God in whose reign over human affairs they devoutly believed. . . .

The secession of Virginia made the war a fact and a necessity. So long as that had been delayed there had remained a hope of reconciliation and adjustment by peaceful devices. When that event occurred it was certain that the question at issue must be fought out upon bloody battlefields. The final stage of the controversy had been reached. The case had been appealed to the arbitrament of steel and gunpowder. Argument was at an end and brute force had come in as umpire. It was a melancholy spectacle over which the gods might well have wept. But men on both sides greeted it joyously, as if it had been a holiday occasion.

LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

(1861)

BY WILLIAM H. RUSSELL¹

Soon afterward there entered, with a shambling, loose, irregular, almost unsteady gait, a tall, lank, lean man, considerably over six feet in height, with stooping shoulders, long pendulous arms, terminating in hands of extraordinary dimensions, which, however, were far exceeded in proportion by his feet. He was drest in an ill-fitting, wrinkled suit of black, which put one in mind of an undertaker's uniform at a funeral; round his neck a rope of black silk, knotted in a large bulb, with flowing ends projecting beyond the collar of his coat; his turned-down shirt-collar disclosed a sinewy, muscular, yellow neck, and above that, nestling in a great black mass of hair, bristling and compact like a ruff of mourning pins, rose the strange, quaint face and head, covered with its thatch of wild, republican hair, of President Lincoln.

The impression produced by the size of his

¹From Russell's "My Diary, North and South." The author has been commonly known in this country as "Bull Run" Russell, a name bestowed upon him in consequence of his report of the battle of Bull Run, printed in the London *Times*, of which he was the war correspondent in America, the tone of the report being sympathetic toward the South. The first paragraphs in the passage here given are dated March 27, 1861—that is, about three weeks after Lincoln was inaugurated.

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extremities, and by his flapping and wide-projecting ears, may be removed by the appearance of kindliness, sagacity, and the awkward bonhomie of his face; the mouth is absolutely prodigious; the lips, straggling and extending almost from one line of black beard to the other, are only kept in order by two deep furrows from the nostril to the chin; the nose itself—a prominent organ—stands out from the face, with an inquiring, anxious air, as tho it were sniffing for some good thing in the wind; the eyes, dark, full, and deeply set, are penetrating, but full of an expression which almost amounts to tenderness; and above them projects the shaggy brow, running into the small, hard frontal space, the development of which can scarcely be estimated accurately, owing to the irregular flocks of thick hair carelessly brushed across it.

One would say that, altho the mouth was made to enjoy a joke, it could also utter the severest sentence which the head could dictate, but that Mr. Lincoln would be ever more willing to temper justice with mercy, and to enjoy what he considers the amenities of life, than to take a harsh view of men's nature and of the world, and to estimate things in an ascetic or puritan spirit. A person who met Mr. Lincoln in the street would not take him to be what—according to the usages of European society—is called a "gentleman"; and, indeed, since I came to the United States I have heard more disparaging allusions made by Americans to him on that account than I could have expected among simple republicans, where all should be equals; but, at the same time, it would not be possible for the

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most indifferent observer to pass him in the street without notice. . . .

In the conversation which occurred before dinner, I was amused to observe the manner in which Mr. Lincoln used the anecdotes for which he is famous. Where men bred in courts, accustomed to the world, or versed in diplomacy, would use some subterfuge, or would make a polite speech, or give a shrug of the shoulders as the means of getting out of an embarrassing position, Mr. Lincoln raised a laugh by some bold west-country anecdote, and moves off in the cloud of merriment produced by his joke. .

The first "state dinner," as it is called, of the President was not remarkable for ostentation. The conversation was suited to a state dinner of a cabinet at which women and strangers were present, and except where there was an attentive silence caused by one of the President's stories, there was a Babel of small talk round the table.

THE FIRING ON FORT SUMTER

(1861)

BY MARY BOYKIN CHESNUT¹

April 11th.—To-day at dinner there was no allusion to things as they stand in Charleston Harbor. There was an undercurrent of intense excitement. There could not have been a more brilliant circle. In addition to our usual quartet (Judge Withers, Langdon Cheves, and Trescott), our two ex-Governors dined with us, Means and Manning. These men all talked so delightfully. For once in my life I listened. That over, business began in earnest. Governor Means had rummaged a sword and red sash from somewhere and brought it for Colonel Chesnut, who had gone to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter. And patience—we must wait. . . .

April 12th.—Anderson will not capitulate. Mr. Chesnut returned. His interview with Colonel Anderson had been deeply interesting, but Mr.

¹ From Mrs. Chesnut's "Diary from Dixie." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company. Copyright, 1905. Mrs. Chesnut was a daughter of Stephen Decatur Miller, Governor of South Carolina in the Nullification period, and afterward a United States Senator from that State. She became the wife of General James Chesnut, a United States Senator from South Carolina just before the Civil War, who became afterward a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, and a member of the Confederate Cabinet. General Chesnut's home was at Mulberry, near Camden, South Carolina, where his father, a very rich planter, lived

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Chesnut was not inclined to be communicative. He wanted his dinner. He felt for Anderson and had telegraphed to President Davis for instructions—what answer to give Anderson, etc. He has now gone back to Fort Sumter with additional instructions. I do not pretend to go to sleep. How can I? If Anderson does not accept terms at four, the orders are, he shall be fired upon. I count four, St. Michael's bells chime out, and I begin to hope. At half past four the heavy booming of a cannon. I sprang out of bed, and on my knees, prostrate, I prayed as I never prayed before.

There was a sound of stir all over the house, pattering of feet in the corridors. All seemed hurrying one way. I put on my double-gown and a shawl and went, too. It was to the housetop. The shells were bursting. In the dark I heard a man say, "Waste of ammunition." I knew my husband was rowing about in a boat somewhere in that dark bay, and that the shells were roofing it over, bursting toward the fort. If Anderson were obstinate, Colonel Chesnut was to order the fort on our side to open fire. Certainly fire had begun. The regular roar of the

during the entire war period. General Chesnut, in a small boat, in April, 1861, carried the ultimatum of the Governor of the State to Major Anderson, commanding Fort Sumter.

Mrs. Chesnut spent a considerable part of the war period in Richmond, where she became a close friend of Mrs. Davis. Her "Diary" sheds much vivid light on the social life of the city during that time. Near the close of the war, she removed to Camden and then to Columbia. She left the latter place during the exodus that ensued on the approach of General Sherman's army, and lived in North Carolina until the fall of Richmond, when she returned to Mulberry. She and her husband survived the war many years.

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cannon, there it was. And who could tell what each volley accomplished of death and destruction? The women were wild there on the housetop. Prayers came from the women and imprecations from the men. And then a shell would light up the scene.

II

HORACE GREELEY'S ACCOUNT¹

By the 6th or 7th of April, nearly a dozen vessels had left New York and other Northern ports, under sealed orders. Lieutenant Talbot, who had arrived at Washington on the 6th, from Fort Sumter, bearing a message from Major Anderson that his rigidly restricted supplies of fresh food from Charleston market had been cut off by the Confederate authorities, and that he must soon be starved into surrender, if not relieved, returned to Charleston on the 8th, and gave formal notice to Governor Pickens that the fort would be provisioned at all hazards. General Beauregard immediately telegraphed the fact to Montgomery²; and, on the 10th, received orders from the Confederate Secretary of War to demand the prompt surrender of the fort, and, in case of refusal, to reduce it.

The demand was accordingly made in due form at 2 P.M., on the 11th, and courteously declined. But, in consequence of additional instructions from Montgomery—based on a suggestion of

¹ From Greeley's "American Conflict."

² Montgomery, Ala., was then the Confederate capital.

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Major Anderson to his summoners that he would very soon be starved out if not relieved—General Beauregard, at 11 P.M., again address Major Anderson, asking him to state at what time he would evacuate Fort Sumter, if unmolested; and was answered that he would do so at noon on the 15th, "should I not receive, prior to that time, controlling instructions from my Government, or additional supplies." This answer was judged unsatisfactory; and at 3:20 A.M. of the 12th, Major Anderson was duly notified that fire would be opened on Fort Sumter in one hour.

Punctual to the appointed moment, the roar of a mortar from Sullivan's Island, quickly followed by the rushing shriek of a shell, gave notice to the world that the era of compromise and diplomacy was ended—that the Confederacy had appealed from sterile negotiations to the "last argument" of aristocracies as well as kings. Another gun from that island quickly repeated the warning, waking a response from battery after battery, until Sumter appeared the focus of a circle of volcanic fire. Soon the thunder of fifty heavy breaching cannon, in one grand volley, followed by the crashing and crumbling of brick, stone, and mortar around and above them, apprized the little garrison that their stay in those quarters must necessarily be short. Unless speedily relieved by a large and powerful fleet, such as the Union did not then possess, the defense was from the outset utterly hopeless.

It is said that the Confederate leaders expected to reduce the fort within a very few hours; it is more certain that the country was disappointed by the inefficiency of its fire and the

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celerity of its reduction. But it was not then duly considered that Sumter was never intended to withstand a protracted cannonade from batteries solidly constructed on every side of it, but to resist and repel the ingress of fleets from the ocean—a service for which it has since proved itself admirably adapted. Nor was it sufficiently considered that the defensive strength of a fortress inheres largely in its ability to compel its assailants to commence operations for its reduction at a respectful distance, and to make their approaches slowly, under conditions that secure to its fire a great superiority over that of the besiegers. But here were the assailants, in numbers a hundred to one, firing at short range from batteries which had been constructed and mounted in perfect security, one of them covered with iron rails so adjusted as to glance the balls of the fortress harmlessly from its mailed front.

Had Major Anderson been ordered, in December, to defend his post against all aggressive and threatening demonstrations, he could not have been shelled out of it by a thirty hours' bombardment. But why officers' quarters and barracks of wood should ever have been constructed in the center of such a fort—or rather, why they should have been permitted to stand there after the hostile intentions of the Confederates had been clearly proclaimed—is not obvious. That shells and red-hot balls would be rained into this area—that the frail structures which nearly filled it would inevitably take fire, and not only imperil magazines, cartridges, and everything else combustible, but prevent the working of the guns, was palpable from the outset. To have committed to

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the surrounding waves every remaining particle of wood that was not essential to the defense, would seem the manifest work of the night which preceded the opening of the bombardment, after the formal demand that the fort be surrendered. To do this while yet unassailed and unimperiled, instead of rolling barrel after barrel of precious powder into the sea under the fire of a dozen batteries, with the whole center of the fortress a glowing furnace, and even the casemates so hot that their tenants could only escape roasting by lying flat on the floor and drawing their breath through wet blankets, would seem the dictate of the simplest forecast.

So, when we read that "the guns, without tangents or scales, and even destitute of bearing-screws, were to be ranged by the eye and fired 'by guess,'" we have an ample explanation of the inefficiency of their fire, but none of the causes of this strange and fatal lack of preparation for a contest that had so long been imminent. It might seem as if Sumter had been held only that it should be assailed with impunity and easily taken.

It was at 7 o'clock—nearly three hours after the first shot came crashing against her walls—that Sumter's garrison, having deliberately eaten their breakfast—whereof salt pork constituted the staple—fired their first gun. They had been divided into three squads or reliefs, each in succession to man the guns for four hours, and then be relieved by another. Captain Abner Doubleday^{*} commanded the first on duty, and fired the

^{*} Afterward a major-general. He served through the war and distinguished himself at Gettysburg and Antietam.

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first gun. Only the casemate guns were commonly fired—those on the parapet being too much exposed to the shot and shell pouring in from every quarter to render their use other than a reckless, bootless waste of life. The fire of the fort was so weak, when compared to that of its assailants, as to excite derision rather than apprehension on their part. It was directed at Fort Moultrie, the Cummings' Point battery, and Sullivan's Island, from which a masked battery of heavy columbiads, hitherto unsuspected by the garrison, had opened on their walls with fearful effect. The floating battery, faced with railroad bars, tho planted very near to Sumter, and seemingly impervious to her balls, was far less effective. A new English gun, employed by the Confederates, was remarked by the garrison as wonderfully accurate and efficient; several of its shots entering their embrasures, and one of them slightly wounding four men. But the casemates were shell-proof; the officers constantly warned their men against needless exposure; so that, tho the peril from fire and from their own ammunition was even greater than that from the enemy's guns, not one was seriously hurt. And, tho Fort Moultrie was considerably damaged, and the little village of Moultrieville—composed of the summer residences of certain wealthy citizens of Charleston—was badly riddled, it was claimed, and seems undisputed, that no one was mortally wounded on the side of the assailants. So bloodless was the initiation of the bloodiest struggle that America ever witnessed. . . .

The fleet from New York, laden with provisions for the garrison, had appeared off the b

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by noon of the day on which fire was opened, but made no effort to fulfil its errand. To have attempted to supply the fort would have, at best, involved a heavy cost of life, probably to no purpose. Its commander communicated by signals with Major Anderson, but remained out of the range of the enemy's fire till after the surrender; when he returned as he came.

Meantime, the boom of heavy ordnance and the telegraph had borne far and wide the eagerly awaited tidings that the war for which South Carolina had so long been impatient had actually begun; and from every side thousands flocked to the spectacle as to a long expected holiday. Charleston herself was drunk with excitement and joyous exultation. Her entire white population and her gay crowds of well-drest visitors thronged her streets and quays, noting the volume and resonant thunder of the Confederate cannonade, and the contrasted feebleness of that by which it was replied to.

Champagne flowed on every hand like water; thousands quaffed and feasted on the richest viands, who were ere long to regard rancid pork as a dainty and tea and coffee as faintly remembered luxuries. Beauregard shot up like Jonah's gourd to the altitude of the world's greatest captains; and "Damnation to the Yankees!" was drunk with rapture by enthusiastic crowds whose heads were sure to ache to-morrow with what they had drunk before. Already in the ardent imagination of her chivalry, the Confederacy had established its independence beyond dispute, and was about to conquer and lay waste the degenerate, cowardly North. . . .

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Major Anderson ordered his flag, which had been lowered, to be raised again; but his visitors (Senator Chesnut, Roger A. Pryor,* and W. Porcher Miles), requested that this be delayed for further conference; and, having reported to Beauregard, returned two or three hours afterward with a substantial assent to Major Anderson's conditions. The latter was to evacuate the fort, his garrison to retain their arms, with personal and company property, and march out with the honors of war, being conveyed to whatever port in the loyal States they might indicate. Considering his hopeless condition, these terms were highly honorable to Major Anderson, and hardly less so to General Beauregard; tho it was the manifest interest of the Confederates not only to stop their prodigal expenditure of ammunition at the earliest moment, but to obtain possession of the coveted fortress in as effective a state as possible—each day's additional bombardment subtracting seriously from its strength and efficiency, as a defense of Charleston after it should have fallen into their hands.

While Charleston resumed and intensified her exulting revels, and the telegraph invited all "Dixie" to share the rapture of her triumph, the weary garrison extinguished the fire still raging, and lay down to rest for the night. The steamboat *Isabel* came down next morning to take them off; but delay occurred in their removal by tug to her deck, until it was too late

* Roger A. Pryor, after serving in the Confederate army through the war, settled in New York for the practice of law, and for many years was a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. He was still living in New York in December, 1911.

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to go out by that day's tide. When the baggage had all been removed, a part of the garrison was told off as gunners to salute their flag with fifty guns; the Stars and Stripes being lowered with cheers at the firing of the last gun. Unhappily, there was at that fire a premature explosion, whereby one of the gunners was killed and three more or less seriously wounded. The men were then formed and marched out, preceded by their band, playing inspiring airs, and taken on board the *Isabel*, whereby they were transferred to the Federal steamship *Baltic*, awaiting them off the bar, which brought them directly to New York.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN

(1861)

I

BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS AND
GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON¹

General Joseph E. Johnston, who had an army of about 8,000 men in the valley of the Shenandoah, beyond the mountains of the Blue Ridge—was immediately informed by telegraph from the War Department, at Richmond, of the situation; and directed to pursue such course as he might think best under the circumstances. He, by a movement with hardly a parallel in the annals of war, joined General Beauregard with his command in time to meet and drive back the advancing, threatening and formidable hosts! It was on this occasion that he displayed those qualities which so distinguished him throughout the war, and which so endeared him to the soldiers and people of the Confederate States. Of this first great battle between the opposing sides,

¹From Stephens's "History of the War Between the States." The first battle of Bull Run was fought on July 21, 1861, the Confederates being commanded by Beauregard and the Federals by McDowell. A second battle was fought near the same place in August, 1862. The battle takes its name from a small river tributary to the Potomac. The field of conflict lies about twenty-five miles southwest of Washington. In the South both battles then were, and still are, known as the battles of Manassas.

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which may very properly be noticed here somewhat in detail, I will let him give the account himself. He being the senior in command, the control of all subsequent operations devolved on him as soon as he reached the field. This was on the evening of Saturday, the 20th. The bloody conflict came off on Sunday, the 21st. In his rapid movement to Manassas, he had pushed forward at the head of only a part of his forces, leaving the others to follow as quickly as possible. Here is his report of what ensued. I will print such parts as will give a clear and accurate account of the whole. . . .

“The enemy, under cover of a strong demonstration on our right, made a long detour through the woods on his right, crossed Bull Run two miles above our left, and threw himself upon the flank and rear of our position. This movement was fortunately discovered in time for us to check its progress, and ultimately to form a new line of battle nearly at right angles with the defensive line of Bull Run.

“On discovering that the enemy had crossed the stream above him, Colonel Evans moved to his left with eleven companies and two field pieces, to oppose his advance, and disposed his little force under cover of the wood, near the intersection of the Warrenton Turnpike and the Sudley Road. Here he was attacked by the enemy in immensely superior numbers, against which he maintained himself with skill and unshrinking courage. General Bee, moving toward the enemy, guided by the firing, had, with a soldier’s eye, selected the position near the Henry House, and formed his troops upon it. They

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were the 7th and 8th Georgia, 4th Alabama, 2d Mississippi, and two companies of the 11th Mississippi Regiments, with Imboden's battery. Being compelled, however, to sustain Colonel Evans, he crossed the valley and formed on the right and somewhat in advance of his position. Here the joint force, little exceeding five regiments, with six field-pieces, held the ground against about 15,000 United States troops for an hour, until, finding themselves outflanked by the continually arriving troops of the enemy, they fell back to General Bee's² first position, upon the line of which Jackson, just arriving, formed his brigade and Stanard's battery. Colonel Hampton,³ who had by this time advanced with his legion as far as the turnpike, rendered efficient service in maintaining the orderly character of the retreat from that point; and here fell the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, his second in command.

"In the meantime I awaited with General Beauregard near the center, the full development of the enemy's designs. About 11 o'clock the violence of the firing on the left indicated a battle, and the march of a large body of troops from the enemy's center toward the conflict was shown by clouds of dust. I was thus convinced that his great effort was to be made with his right. I stated that conviction to General Beauregard, and the absolute necessity of immediately strengthening our left as much as possible. Orders were,

² Bernard E. Bee, of South Carolina. He was killed at Bull Run.

³ Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, Governor of the State at the end of the Reconstruction period.

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accordingly at once sent to General Holmes and Colonel Early, to move with all speed to the sound of the firing, and to General Bonham to send up two of his regiments and a battery. General Beauregard and I then hurried at a rapid gallop to the scene of action, about four miles off. On the way I directed my chief of artillery, Colonel Pendleton, to follow with his own and Alburtis's batteries. We came not a moment too soon. The long contest against five-fold odds and heavy losses, especially of field-officers, had greatly discouraged the troops of General Bee and Colonel Evans. Our presence with them under fire, and some example, had the happiest effect on the spirit of the troops. Order was soon restored, and the battle reestablished, to which the firmness of Jackson's brigade greatly contributed.

Then, in a brief and rapid conference, General Beauregard was assigned to the command of the left, which, as the younger officer, he claimed, while I returned to that of the whole field. The aspect of affairs was critical, but I had full confidence in the skill and indomitable courage of General Beauregard, the high soldierly qualities of Generals Bee and Jackson, and Colonel Evans, and the devoted patriotism of their troops. Orders were first despatched to hasten the march of General Holmes's, Colonel Early's, and General Bonham's regiments. General Ewell was also directed to follow with all speed. Many of the broken troops, fragments of companies, and individual stragglers, were reformed and brought into action with the aid of my staff and a portion of General Beauregard's.

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Colonel (Governor) Smith, with his battalion, and Colonel Hunton, with his regiment, were ordered up to reenforce the right. I have since learned that General Beauregard had previously ordered them into the battle. They belonged to his corps. Colonel Smith's cheerful courage had a fine influence, not only upon the spirit of his own men, but upon the stragglers from the troops engaged.

The largest body of these, equal to about four companies, having no competent field-officer, I placed under command of one of my staff, Colonel F. J. Thomas, who fell while gallantly leading it against the enemy. These reinforcements were all sent to the right to reestablish more perfectly that part of our line. Having attended to these pressing duties at the immediate scene of conflict, my eye was next directed to Colonel Cocke's brigade, the nearest at hand. Hastening to his position, I desired him to lead his troops into action. He informed me, however, that a large body of the enemy's troops, beyond the stream and below the bridge, threatened us from that quarter. He was, therefore, left in his position.

"My headquarters were now established near the Lewis house. From this commanding elevation my view embraced the position of the enemy beyond the stream, and the approach to the Stone Bridge, a point of especial importance. I could also see the advances of our troops, far down the valley, in the direction of Manassas, and observe the progress of the action and the maneuvers of the enemy.

"We had now sixteen guns and 260 cavalry, and a little above nine regiments of the Army of the Shenandoah, and six guns, and less than

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the strength of three regiments of that of the Potomac, engaged with about 35,000 United States troops, among whom were full 3,000 men of the old regular army. Yet this admirable artillery and brave infantry and cavalry lost no foot of ground. For nearly three hours they maintained their position, repelling five successive assaults by the heavy masses of the enemy, whose numbers enabled him continually to bring up fresh troops as their preceding columns were driven back. Colonel Stuart contributed to one of these repulses by a well-timed and vigorous charge on the enemy's right flank, with two companies of his cavalry. The efficiency of our infantry and cavalry might have been expected from a patriotic people, accustomed, like ours, to the management of arms and horses, but that of the artillery was little less than wonderful. They were opposed to batteries far superior in the number, range and equipment of their guns, with educated officers, and thoroughly instructed soldiers. We had but one educated artillerist, Colonel Pendleton—that model of a Christian soldier—yet they exhibited as much superiority to the enemy in skill as in courage. Their fire was superior, both in rapidity and precision.

“The expected reinforcements appeared soon after. Colonel Cocke was then desired to lead his brigade into action, to support the right of the troops engaged, which he did with alacrity and effect. Within a half hour the two regiments of General Bonham's brigade (Cash's and Kershaw's), came up, and were directed against the enemy's right, which he seemed to be strengthening. Fisher's North Carolina regiment

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was soon after sent in the same direction. About 3 o'clock, while the enemy seemed to be striving to outflank and drive back our left, and thus separate us from Manassas, General E. K. Smith arrived with three regiments of Elzey's brigade. He was instructed to attack the right flank of the enemy now exposed to us. Before the movement was completed he fell, severely wounded. Colonel Elzey at once taking command, executed it with great promptitude and vigor. General Beauregard rapidly seized the opportunity thus afforded him, and threw forward his whole line. The enemy was driven back from the long-contested hill, and victory was no longer doubtful. He made yet another attempt to retrieve the day. He again extended his right, with a still wider sweep, to turn our left. Just as he reformed to renew the battle, Colonel Early's three regiments came upon the field. The enemy's new formation exposed his right flank more even than the previous one. Colonel Early was, therefore, ordered to throw himself directly upon it, supported by Colonel Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery. He executed this attack bravely and well, while a simultaneous charge was made by General Beauregard in front. The enemy was broken by this combined attack. He lost all the artillery which he had advanced to the scene of the conflict. He had no more fresh troops to rally on, and a general rout ensued.

"Our victory was as complete as one gained by infantry and artillery can be. An adequate force of cavalry would have made it decisive. . . .

"The loss of the Army of the Potomac was 108 killed, 510 wounded, 12 missing. That of the

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Army of the Shenandoah was 270 killed, 979 wounded, 18 missing. Total killed, 378; total wounded, 1,489; total missing, 30.

"That of the enemy could not be ascertained. It must have been between four and five thousand. Twenty-eight pieces of artillery, about 5,000 muskets, and nearly 500,000 cartridges; a garrison flag and ten colors were captured on the field or in the pursuit. Besides these, we captured 64 artillery horses with their harness, 26 wagons, and much camp equipage, clothing, and other property, abandoned in their flight."⁴

The result of this battle between forces so unequal in numbers as well as so unequal in arms and equipments is to be attributed mainly to the relative spirit by which the officers and men on the opposing sides were moved and animated in the terrible conflict. Great as was the skill of Generals Johnston and Beauregard, in the disposition and movements of their squadrons, that of General McDowell was also very great. His whole plan of operations, from the beginning to the end, showed military genius of the highest order. The result, therefore, did not depend so much upon the superior skill of the commanders on the Confederate side as upon the high objects and motives with which they, as well as those under them, were inspired.

⁴ The "Century Dictionary of Names" says the Confederate force in this battle numbered 31,000, and the Federals 28,000. The Federals lost 2,952, the Confederates 1,752.

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II

THE FEDERAL PANIC AFTER THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

(1861)

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN¹

By the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion, were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Captain Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailable exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten; it is a shameful, a cowardly retreat! Hold up, men!" he shouted; "don't be such infernal cowards!" and he rode backward and forward, placing his horse across the road and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps.

We were now cut off from the advance body by the enemy's infantry, who had rushed on the slope just left by us, surrounded the guns and sutlers' wagons, and were apparently pressing up against us. "It's no use, Alexander," I said,

¹ Stedman, afterward the well-known poet and critic, was then the war correspondent of the *New York World*, in which paper this account was published.

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"you must leave with the rest." "I'll be d——d if I will!" was his sullen reply, and the splendid fellow rode back to make his way as best he could. Meantime, I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder-straps, majors and colonels, who had deserted their commands, pass me galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long, narrow avenue, and mow the retreating thousands, and batter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it. Only one field-officer, so far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Speidel, a foreigner attached to a Connecticut regiment, strove against the current for a league.

I positively declare that, with the two exceptions mentioned, all efforts made to check the panic before Centreville was reached, were confined to civilians. I saw a man in citizen's dress, who had thrown off his coat, seized a musket, and was trying to rally the soldiers who came by at the point of the bayonet. In a reply to a request for his name, he said it was Washburne,² and I learned he was the member by that name from Illinois. The Hon. Mr. Kellogg made a similar effort. Both these Congressmen bravely stood their ground till the last moment, and were serviceable at Centreville in assisting the halt there ultimately made. And other civilians did what they could.

But what a scene! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat. For three miles,

² Elihu B. Washburne, a close friend of General Grant, who, when President, made him Minister to France.

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hosts of Federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams, and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the débris. Horses, flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede.

Those on foot who could catch them rode them bareback, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few neither left on the field nor taken to the captured hospitals—appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined in the *melée*, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned and lay amid the ruins of a caisson, as I passed it. I saw an artilleryman running between the ponderous fore- and after-wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixt the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness

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of a steep hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him.

Who ever saw such a flight? Could the retreat at Borodino^{*} have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles's Brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the teams and foot-soldiers pushed on, passing their own camps, and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so lately passed southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day. From the branch route the trains attached to Hunter's Division had caught the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid freshet of confusion and dismay.

Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks, and shovels, and provisions of every kind lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewed the route, and when some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming them in a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. If the enemy had brought up his artillery and

^{*} The great battle lost by Napoleon in Russia.

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served it upon the retreating train, or had intercepted our progress with 500 of his cavalry, he might have captured enough supplies for a week's feast of thanksgiving. As it was, enough was left behind to tell the story of the panic. The rout of the Federal army seemed complete.

THE TRENT AFFAIR

(1861)

BY JOHN BIGELOW¹

A little before midnight of Friday, the 11th of October, 1861, a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen were gathered together upon the wharf in Charleston Harbor. The night was pitchy dark, and it was raining violently. In a few minutes only after their arrival, the party were seated in a ship's pinnace, till then invisible, that had apparently been waiting for them at a few oars' length from the landing. Two or three strokes of the oars were heard, and the boat with its new burden was swallowed up in the darkness again.

The party in the boat, who were embarking upon a voyage which was destined to make some of them more famous than any other event of their lives, consisted of James M. Mason, of Virginia, and John Slidell, of Louisiana, commissioners from the "Confederate States," the first to England and the second to France; Mr. McFarland, secretary to Mr. Mason; Mrs. Slidell, Miss

¹ From Mr. Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life." By permission of Mr. Bigelow, and of his publishers, Baker & Taylor Company. Copyright, 1909.

Mr. Bigelow was made consul to Paris in 1861, then served as *chargé d'affaires*, and from 1865 to 1866 was Minister to France. He died on the 19th of December, 1911. As Mr. Bigelow was born in 1817, he was, at the time of his death, in his ninety-fifth year.

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Matilda Slidell, Miss Rosina Slidell, Mr. Eustis, who was Mr. Slidell's secretary; Mrs. Eustis, a daughter of Mr. Corcoran, the head of a leading banking-house in Washington, but at that moment a prisoner in Fort Lafayette; Colonel Le Mat, of Louisiana, and two or three others of less political importance, who were profiting by the opportunity to find a refuge in foreign lands.

In a few minutes after leaving the wharf, the party were on board the small steamer *Theodora*, lying in wait for them inside the bar. By 1 o'clock her cables were slipped, and she was gliding as noiselessly and as invisibly as possible down the bay. As she passed Fort Sumter the lights on board were darkened, the engine slowed, and other precautions were taken to escape notice, and with entire success. She was soon beyond the reach of the glasses or the guns from the fort, and on the open sea.

On the 16th she arrived at Cardenas, on the island of Cuba, where the commissioners disembarked. On the 7th of November, with their families and secretaries, they sailed from Havana for Southampton in the British royal mail-steamer *Trent*. About noon of the following day, while running the narrow passage of the old Bahama Channel, a steamer was sighted from the *Trent*, directly in her course, and apparently waiting for her, but showing no colors. On approaching her, Captain Moir of the *Trent* hoisted the British ensign, which, however, received no attention. When the two ships were within about a quarter of a mile or something less, the strange vessel fired a shot across the *Trent's* bow, and ran up the American flag. The *Trent*, declin-

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to receive orders from the stranger with or without the American flag, held on her course, and paid no attention to the summons.

As soon as time enough had elapsed to leave no doubt of her purpose, a shell from the American's forward deck burst about one hundred yards in front of the *Trent*. This was a summons Captain Moir could not disregard, and the *Trent* was slowed. Presently a boat put out from the American vessel and boarded the *Trent*. The officer in command, Lieutenant Fairfax, asked for a list of her passengers. The captain refused to give it or to recognize the right of the officer to ask for it. Lieutenant Fairfax then called out the names of the rebel commissioners and their secretaries, and said those were the persons he was in quest of; that he knew they were on board, and his orders were to bring them away with him at all hazards. Captain Moir declined to recognize the authority of the intruder to meddle with his ship or passengers, and refused to give up the commissioners.

Lieutenant Fairfax then said he would be obliged to take possession of the ship, and thereupon made the appropriate signal to his commander. Without delay three boats, containing thirty marines, and about sixty sailors heavily armed, put out from the American ship and rowed alongside. Seeing that further resistance would be worse than fruitless, Messrs. Slidell, Mason, Eustis, and McFarland, who meantime had come on deck, proceeded to get their personal baggage and descended with it into the boats, the ladies of the party deciding to remain on board the *Trent* and go on to Liverpool. The com-

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missioners were taken to the frigate, which proved to be the *San Jacinto*, under the command of Captain Wilkes, which had just arrived from the coast of Africa and was on her way to New York. The commissioners were brought to New York, and, by orders from Washington, placed in confinement in Fort Lafayette. . . .

The effect of this "outrage upon the British flag," as it was the fashion to term it, was startling. It absorbed the conversation of the drawing-room and the council-chamber, and was a subject of fierce debate in every college club and palace of several continents. Immediately upon the receipt of the news at the admiralty, a cabinet council was summoned by Lord Palmerston to determine whether Mr. Adams's passport should not be sent to him. To the rebels and their sympathizing partisans in Europe the news gave infinite delight, for they assumed that Captain Wilkes had not acted without the sanction of his Government. They hoped and believed England had received an insult to which she could not submit; that the United States would never make the only reparation possible that would be satisfactory—the surrender of the commissioners; and, finally, that a war between the two countries must ensue, that England would be obliged to help fight the battle and thus help establish the independence of the Confederate States.

The loyal Americans in Europe were filled with concern, for this event seemed to have deprived them of the few friends in the press and in public life that had not already abandoned the Union cause. The Tory press of London were, of course, anxious to make the most of their grievance.

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The *Morning Herald* trusted there would be no delay in avenging an outrage unprecedented, even in American lawlessness." The *Post*, which was reputed to reflect the policies of Lord Palmerston said: "The insult was most gratuitous; was unwarranted by the code of nations; was not only to be duly felt, but deeply resented." The London *Daily News*, which had been neutral at least, if not friendly to the Unionists, for a few days lost its balance and scolded us very sharply.

The only journals in England that refused to join in this cry were two papers established by the political friends of Mr. Bright, one in London and one in Manchester, and which the *Morning Herald* signalized for public execration in an editorial article commencing as follows: "With two exceptions, which together constitute but one, all the morning journals of London and of the country are unanimous in their expression of disgust and indignation at the American outrage. Mr. Bright, by his London and Manchester organs, stands forth in opposition to the honor and the universal feeling of his country; now, as ever, hateful in the eyes of all educated and thoughtful men; now, as ever before, the object of the scorn and reprobation of all Englishmen."

The French press naturally took a somewhat more dispassionate view of the seizure, not being directly interested. Besides, the French people are wont to contemplate with Christian composure any event which promises to embroil their insular neighbors with foreign powers, and at this time especially with America. Besides, in Paris, as in London, those who for any one of

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manifold reasons desired the success of the Confederates rejoiced over the seizure of the commissioners, and sought to give the grievance great international importance.

Our political friends among the French people were thoroughly demoralized. They took it for granted that Captain Wilkes had acted under orders; that we could not recede; and that England would become the active, instead of what she had till then seemed, to some of us at least, to have been, the passive ally of the Confederates. They did not see how it was possible for them to defend the act in the press or in the chambers. There was a time within the three days which immediately followed the news of the seizure when one could have counted on his fingers about all the people in Europe not Americans who still retained any hope or expectation of the perpetuity of our Union. They took it for granted that we would fight until we were satisfied that there was no use of fighting longer, and then we would agree to some terms of separation. All faith in our final success was practically extinguished.

It was all the more trying a moment for loyal Americans, and especially for Federal officials in Europe, that we had no transatlantic telegraph in those days, nor had we any official information as yet of the relations which the Washington Government sustained to Commander Wilkes's adventure. And yet we were expected to encourage and strengthen our friends to the best of our ability until we could be reenforced from home.

A day or two after the news reached Paris, I called upon the venerable Garnier-Pagès about

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10 o'clock in the morning. M. Pagès had been a member of the provisional government under Lamartine in 1848, and was now again one of the half-dozen Republican members of the Corps Législatif under the Second Empire. I had known him since 1859, when I was presented to him by the late Robert Walsh, of Philadelphia, our consul in Paris. He was now, as then, an ardent republican, and a stalwart friend of the Union cause, partly because of his aversion to slavery, partly because of his aversion to the Imperial Government, which was suspected of inclining to the rebels, and partly because he believed that the future of republicanism in Europe depended upon the success of republicanism in America.

I found him very much disturbed, and already looking upon disunion and its consequences as inevitable in the near future. I felt that it would never do for a person of his age, activity, and zeal to be allowed to go up and down among the republicans of Paris in the frame of mind in which I found him. I immediately proceeded to state as well as I could all the reasons that occurred to me for refusing to regard the seizure of the commissioners as an event likely to have a serious or permanent influence upon the war.

My talk occupied about twenty minutes. When I had done, he said: "Why won't you sit down and write out just what you have said to me, and publish it over your own signature to-morrow morning? It would have a very reassuring effect and would afford as substantial comfort to others as" (he was pleased to say) "it has afforded to myself."

I replied to him that, by the rules of our

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service, I was not allowed to correspond with the public through the newspapers; but as he attached so much importance to an authoritative statement of the kind I had made to him, I promised to lose no time in finding some suitable person to make it. General Winfield Scott, who had just been relieved from the duties of Commander-in-Chief of the Union armies, had arrived in Paris only the day before. It occurred to me at once that Scott was the person to make the statement, and Mr. Thurlow Weed, who was also then in Paris, and an intimate friend of the General, was the most immediately available person to prepare the General's mind for it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Weed's hotel, a few blocks off, related to him briefly what had occurred, and asked him if he thought General Scott would be willing to publish such a statement as was called for. Mr. Weed said he did not doubt but he would not only be willing, but well pleased to do it.

It was then arranged between us that he should go to the General's hotel and secure his consent, while I should repair to my office and prepare the statement he was to sign, in case he might shrink from the task of preparing such a statement himself. In the course of an hour or so Mr. Weed rejoined me at my office, and said the General thought well of my suggestion, and would receive me at his rooms at 2 P.M. At the hour appointed I repaired to General Scott's apartment in the Hotel Westminster, and read to him the letter which in the meantime I had prepared. Knowing as I did that the General had no mean opinion of his skill in the use of the English

THE TRENT AFFAIR

language, I felt some hesitation in reading it to him, and was immensely relieved when he signed it without altering a word or suggesting a modification. . . .

I had the letter of General Scott immediately translated and copies despatched to the principal morning and evening papers in Paris, and copies in English to the London papers in time for their respective editions of the day following its publication. The expediency of making this statement was more than justified by the result. It was copied in whole or in part pretty universally by the European press. Coming, as it did, from General Scott, who till within a fortnight, had been practically a member of the Federal Cabinet; the assurance it contained that Commander Wilkes could not have acted under orders from his Government, and that if Mr. Seward could not persuade Earl Russell that his Government had a right to stop the *Trent* and seize the rebel commissioners, Earl Russell would unquestionably be able to persuade Mr. Seward that it had not, and that in either case the friendly relations of the two governments were not imperiled—all together, these considerations had an immediate and reassuring effect.

Our friends in Europe took courage from General Scott's letter, and began to wonder how they ever suspected that the Federal Government had authorized the seizure of the commissioners, or doubted that the proceeding would be peacefully arranged. A complimentary dinner was given by his fellow townspeople at Rochdale to Mr. Bright, whom the *Trent* affair had for a time placed between the upper and the

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nether millstones, to afford him an opportunity of giving impulse to the reaction, of which he most effectively availed himself. At this dinner he made one of his most memorable speeches on American affairs. Mr. Cobden also, who was invited to speak at this meeting, sent a letter which was a skilful amplification of the letter of General Scott.

M'CLELLAN AND HIS PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN

(1862)

BY JOHN FORMBY¹

The main campaign in the Peninsula of Virginia principally consisted of about a week's heavy and continuous fighting between two large forces, in rather a small space. The Peninsula of Virginia is for the most part low and flat, with sluggish streams, large swamps, and thick woods. Only on the north of the Chickahominy, and close to Richmond, is there any extent of fairly high, clear ground. Curiously enough, there were no good maps of it, and many mistakes were due to this. Both Lee and Johnston were blamed, but neither had been much on the spot since the war began, and then had had more urgent business. Lee made arrangements for a survey, but McClellan was already on them; he was well supplied with maps, for the officers of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry had been making sketches of the ground for some weeks, from which he got a far better map than any that the Confederates had. The peninsula was bounded on the north by the estuary of the York (called the

¹ From Formby's "American Civil War." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Formby is an Englishman, his book the latest history of the Civil War and one of the best.

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Pamunkey above tide water), and on the south by the James; was about 75 miles long, from Richmond to Fortress Monroe, and twenty less to the Yorktown lines, while the scene of the main fighting was a space about twenty miles square, to the east and southeast of Richmond.

As soon as McClellan had passed the Yorktown lines and driven Longstreet back at Williamsburg, his first care was to get his troops in hand, who were landing at different places, and to establish a proper base and lines of supply. He took West Point for his main depot, and White House for his immediate base, by orders from Washington, for he himself preferred a base on the James. By May 24th he was in possession of several bridges over the Chickahominy, and Johnston's army was all to the south of it. He heard on that day that McDowell would join him via Fredericksburg in a few days, but later was informed of the changes due to Jackson's rout of Banks, and that the President thought that the main effort must be in front of Washington. While there was any chance of McDowell's cooperation, McClellan kept to his base on the Pamunkey, but when Jackson² appeared on the scene, and this became impossible, the base was shifted to the James, for which all preparations had been made beforehand.

The Army of the Potomac consisted of the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Corps, the cavalry being very weak, and its strength on June 20th was 105,000 men. The Confederate army was about 86,000 strong, including Jackson's command. The Confederates had a force

² "Stonewall" Jackson.

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at Hanover Court House watching McDowell, which McClellan drove in. Johnston at first brought his army to the north of the Chickahominy, and McClellan's came up slowly, seizing some bridges, and moving a part of the army to the south side on May 24th. Johnston then crossed to the south of the river, because, in the first place, McDowell was not coming, and Jackson was, and also because the Confederate defense of the River James had been so much entrusted to the *Merrimac* that no proper batteries had been made on that side, and when she was destroyed, it not only wanted more protection, but McClellan was more likely to try to use it. The Chickahominy has swampy banks, and is often difficult to cross, except at the bridges; on May 31st, it was swollen and unfordable, some of McClellan's bridges were destroyed, and half his army was on each side. Johnston promptly attacked the force on the south side, throwing twenty-three brigades against it, and watching the other half with only four. This was the battle of Fair Oaks or Seven Pines, which went on for two days, the Union army being driven back some distance. On the evening of June 1st, Johnston was severely wounded, and the next day Lee was appointed to succeed him in the command of the army, while continuing to control all operations in Virginia. For the next three weeks the weather was so bad that the roads were almost useless for the movement of troops, and McClellan fortified his position, but no more; he was also waiting for reenforcements, which has been bitterly said to have been his normal position.

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When Lee took command, he was still uneasy about McDowell's corps, which was watched by Stuart's cavalry, and thought it best to drive McClellan off his line of retreat by moving to the north of the Chickahominy and attacking the Union right. Stuart was ordered to make a reconnaissance in rear of the enemy's army, and rode completely around it with a cavalry brigade and two guns, from Ashland, via the Pamunkey, around to the James, and back along that river to the Confederate lines: they had little fighting, but brought much information. The principal value of the ride was the confidence which it gave to the men, for McClellan's change of base foiled Lee's plan. Lee ostentatiously sent reinforcements for Jackson to Gordonsville, which, as was intended, had a great effect on Lincoln and Stanton, and thus indirectly hampered McClellan. He actually ordered Jackson to start for Richmond on the 20th, but this march had been discussed before between them.

With the arrival of Jackson begin what are called the Seven Days' Battles. On the 25th, McClellan moved to within five miles of Richmond, Jackson seemed lost, and McDowell was ordered up again, some of his troops reaching McClellan. But Jackson, then at Ashland, twelve miles away, and McClellan heard rumors which made him suspicious; his right was at Mechanicsville, and Jackson, with A. P. Hill, was to attack it on the morning; but Jackson was late, so Hill went in alone on the 26th, and was badly beaten, but Jackson's presence was now revealed, and decided McClellan to change his base to the James at Harrison's Landing.

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On the 27th, Jackson, A. P. Hill, and Longstreet attacked Porter's Fifth Corps at Gaines' Mill, and drove it back, taking twenty-two guns, while Magruder maneuvered so ably on the south bank of the river, as to prevent any help being sent to Porter, who was quite overmatched. The Confederates, with a smaller army, had again succeeded in bringing greater numbers to the decisive point. Ewell was sent to break McClellan's communications with the York River, which he did, but the latter did not care, having changed his base to the James.

We now enter on the second phase of the campaign, the retreat and escape of McClellan. On the 29th, the Confederates took the initiative, attacking in various places on the south of the Chickahominy, but McClellan had had the bridges broken, which kept Jackson back that day. Lee had now found out the change of base and retreat, and tried to cut it off. On this day Keyes, with the Fourth Corps, was sent to occupy Malvern Hill, and get into touch with the gunboats. The Confederates were pressing forward on the Glendale, Williamsburg, and Newmarket roads, but luckily for McClellan, Stuart's cavalry was following Stoneman's to White House, in a false direction. June 30th was the critical day, the Battle of Glendale and Frayser's Farm, for had Jackson, who was checked at the White Oak Swamp, got up in time, nothing could have saved McClellan's army. As it was, the pursuit was checked with the loss of a few guns, and time gained for the position of Malvern Hill to be taken up, to cover the embarkation of the army, which was a very strong artillery position.

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The Confederates did not know the ground, and lost their way, throwing out Lee's plans. They could not get their guns through the thick, swampy country, the attack was disjointed, and failed, and the Union troops moved to Harrison's Landing on the night of July 1st, after the battle, getting away from Malvern Hill safely; but had Lee's troops been able to get through the mud around it, on the 2d, McClellan's army might have been destroyed, for Malvern Hill did not protect the Landing, and the disorganization was so great that ground which did do so was not fortified till Stuart, following Stoneman, came up and foolishly opened fire from thence with some horse artillery guns. This roused the Union troops to their danger, Stuart was driven off, and the ground made safe, before the Confederate infantry could get up. There was no more fighting, or hindrance to the embarkation of the Union troops, but this did not take place for some weeks.

This Peninsular Campaign is the only one in which Jackson did not come up to his reputation; he was late at Mechanicsville, and not at his best at either Frayser's Farm or Malvern Hill, but the explanation is that he was down with fever during the whole of the week. McClellan, throughout, seems to have been oppressed with the "enormous forces" against him, and when he knew of Jackson's arrival from the valley, to have given up all idea of taking Richmond, and thought only of saving his own army from destruction. His change of base was a most difficult operation, carried out with consummate skill. . . .

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George Brinton McClellan was educated at West Point, and distinguished himself in the Mexican War as an engineer; he was attached to the Allied Armies in the Crimean War, left the army as a captain, and became the manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where his great organizing powers had full scope. On the outbreak of the Civil War he was given command of the State forces of Ohio, but soon got a larger district from Government, and was one of the four new major-generals first appointed. His campaign in West Virginia was brilliant, and the day after the Battle of Bull Run he was given the command of the Army of the Potomac, becoming Commander-in-Chief soon after, but he did not hold this office long. He raised his army to a great strength, and so thoroughly organized and trained it that it never lost the stamp of his hand, or its enthusiastic loyalty to him personally, which latter fact was, later on, embarrassing to the Government. Naturally a man of charming manners, his sudden advancement seems to have turned his head, as he posed as the savior of his country somewhat prematurely. He minded his own business and took no notice of amateur advice, especially of that of the politicians of Washington, but he went too far in the undisguised contempt and rudeness with which he treated them all.

It is difficult to understand why Lee said that McClellan was the ablest commander whom he met in the war, for his faults as a commander in the field were flagrant. He was over-cautious and dilatory, and tho able to plan, could never strike, or throw his weight on the decisive point.

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He was always unduly oppressed with the "enormous forces" of the enemy, even when far inferior to his own, and would refuse to move till reenforced, which was curious in a man so confident otherwise. The devotion of his men was also curious, for he was hardly ever seen in battle, or seemed to influence it when it was going on; he was no conspicuous, dashing leader, as were Sheridan and Stuart. He was always laying on others the blame for any failure, and the relations between him and his Government went from bad to worse, till he became impossible.

McClellan is a striking illustration of the fact that a very great military organizer, good handler of large bodies of men, and fair strategist, may be only a mediocre commander in the field on a large scale. In the two latter ways his talents seemed to lie in a smaller compass, for his little campaign in West Virginia was most effective. Still, no account of the war can fail to acknowledge his great services, for he forged the weapon which others used with crushing effect.

THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC"

(1862)

BY JOHN D. CHAMPLIN¹

The *Merrimac*, one of the finest steam-frigate in the United States Navy, had been set on fire and scuttled when the Gosport navy-yard was abandoned in April, 1861. The noble vessel sank to the bottom before the flames had injured her much, and the Confederates soon raised her, cut down her upper deck, and built upon her a very strong timber covering, with sloping sides, like the roof of a house. The outside of this was plated with iron thick enough to be proof against shot from the most powerful guns then in use. Her bow and stern were both under water, and her bow was made sharp and fitted with a cast-iron beak, to be used as a ram. This novel war-vessel, which was finished early in March, 1862, and renamed the *Virginia* (tho her new name did not stick to her), was armed with ten heavy guns, four on each side, one in the bow, and one in the stern, and was put under the command of Captain Franklin Buchanan, formerly of the United States Navy.

The Confederates hoped that this vessel would enable them to open Hampton Roads, which the

¹ From Champlin's "Young Folks History of the War for the Union." By permission of the publishers, Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1881.

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ships of the Union had kept closely blockaded since the beginning of the war, and which had been the starting-place of the naval expeditions that had done so much damage to their coasts. Vague rumors of this new engine of war had found their way North, and created no little fear, for it was suggested that she might easily ascend the Potomac and destroy Washington, or steam into the harbor of New York and fire the city with her shells, or force the inhabitants to buy safety with a vast sum of money. These rumors probably had the effect of hastening the Government in building ironclads, several of which had already been planned. At last, without any warning, the dreaded sea-monster made her appearance in Hampton Roads. . . .

The drums of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* beat to quarters, and the ships were prepared for action. Their crews watched curiously every movement of the Confederate battery, of which they had heard such terrible reports. On she came, steaming slowly toward them, her chimneys belching black smoke, and her flag fluttering defiantly in the breeze, while the two little steamers followed close behind. When she was about a mile distant the *Cumberland* opened fire upon her, but the "house afloat," as some of the sailors called her, came on without replying. As she passed the *Congress*, that vessel poured a broadside into her, but the balls bounded from her mailed sides as if they were made of india rubber. The *Merrimac*, conscious of her strength, steamed grimly on through the iron storm which would have sunk any common vessel, and steered directly for the *Cumberland*, which lay with her

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side toward her so as to bring her broadside to bear.

The *Cumberland* opened a heavy fire on the monster which she could not escape, and the *Merrimac*, amid the flash and roar of her guns and enveloped in a pall of smoke that nearly hid her from view, went with a crash through the side of the doomed ship. The *Cumberland* shivered from end to end, and when the *Merrimac* drew slowly back it was found that her iron beak had passed through her, making a ragged hole into which the water rushed rapidly. The *Merrimac* then fired broadside after broadside into her sinking foe; but the gallant men of the *Cumberland*, never dreaming of surrender, stood by their guns to the last. In three-quarters of an hour after she was struck the noble ship went down in fifty-four feet of water, with her flag flying at the peak. The dead and wounded sank with her; of the rest of the crew some swam to the shore and some were picked up by small boats, but of 376 men, 121 were lost.

Meanwhile the two little vessels, the *Beaufort* and the *Raleigh*, had been firing into the *Congress*, and three other small gunboats—the *Patrick Henry*, the *Jamestown*, and the *Teazer*—joined them in the attack. The *Congress* replied bravely to their fire until the fate of the *Cumberland* showed her commander what he had to expect, and he ordered her to be run ashore, so that the enemy could not ram her. The *Merrimac* then fired shells into her with great effect, dismounting her guns, and killing many of her men. At last her commander, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, and a large part of her crew, having

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fallen, and the ship being on fire in several places, her colors were hauled down. Some of her men were taken prisoners by one of the Confederate steamers, and some escaped to the shore; but many were killed or wounded, and only about half of her crew of 434 answered the roll-call next morning.

The three frigates that had left Fortress Monroe to go to the aid of these unfortunate ships had grounded in shallow water, and had watched the unequal struggle more than a mile away, powerless to help. After the destruction of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, the *Merrimac* and the gunboats bore down to attack the others. But the day was fast waning, and about 7 o'clock the Confederates left their prey and steamed slowly back toward Norfolk.

Saturday night was a dismal one at Fortress Monroe, and few eyes closed in sleep. The return of the *Merrimac* on the morrow was a certainty, and there appeared to be little chance of saving the *Minnesota*. What the monster would do next was a question that no one could decide. General John E. Woll, the commander of the fortress, telegraphed to Washington that probably both the *Minnesota* and the *St. Lawrence* would be captured, and that it was thought the enemy's vessels would pass the fortress.

About 9 o'clock in the evening a queer-looking vessel came into Hampton Roads, and anchored near the fort. It was a novel steam battery—the now famous *Monitor*—which had been building near New York under the eye of her inventor, John Ericsson, a Swede by birth, but long a resident of the United States. Much had been

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heard of this vessel, and a great deal had been promised for her by her builder, but when she came into the Roads everybody was disappointed. What could this puny thing do against the great *Merrimac*, more than five times her tonnage! Her sides were but little above the water, and nothing was to be seen on her deck but a kind of round iron box in the middle, a pilot-house forward, and a small smokestack aft.

At a mile's distance she might be taken for a raft—indeed, the Confederates well described her when they called her a "Yankee cheese-box on a plank." But when one went on board, her great strength was seen: her deck was plated with shell-proof iron, and her round box, called a turret, was made of iron plates eight to nine inches thick. Inside this turret, which was made to turn around, were two eleven-inch Dahlgren guns, placed side by side, so that both could be fired together at the same object. Ordinary ships have to be turned so as to bring their guns to bear on an enemy, but by revolving the turret of the *Monitor* her guns could be fired forward, backward, or sidewise, without changing the position of the ship. Her bow, too, was made strong and sharp, so that she could ram in the side of an enemy's vessel. This odd-shaped craft had been named by her inventor the *Monitor*, because, he said, he expected that she would be a monitor to the great nations of Europe, and teach them that the days of old-fashioned ships had passed away forever.

The little vessel took a position alongside the *Minnesota*, between her and the fort, where she could not be seen by the Confederates, but could

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be ready to slip out in case the *Merrimac* and her gunboats came to finish their work. The whole bay and the shores were lighted up by the flames of the *Congress*, which had been burning many hours. Her guns went off one by one as the fire reached them, and at last, a little after midnight, her magazine, which contained five tons of gunpowder, went off with a grand explosion, which threw the blazing fragments of the ship over the waters to a great distance around.

The *Monitor* did not have to wait long, for early on Sunday morning the monster was seen coming down again, followed by two gunboats crowded with troops. The Confederates evidently hoped to board the *Minnesota* and capture both her and her crew, and this is probably the reason they did not destroy her the night before.

As the *Merrimac* approached, the *Monitor* slipped out from behind the *Minnesota* and steamed straight at her. She looked like a pigmy beside the great mailed battery, whose black sides rose higher than the top of her turret. The crew of the *Merrimac* did not know what to make of the odd little craft, that had appeared as suddenly as if it had risen from the depths of the sea, but they soon found out that it had teeth, for when the *Monitor* had come within a hundred yards of her foe, she opened fire with her great guns. The *Merrimac*, astonished at her reception, threw open her ports and poured into her several broadsides such as had sunk the wooden ships; but the steel shot glanced as harmlessly from her turret as had the balls of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* from her own armor and her crew cried out in wonder, "The cheese-box is made of iron!"

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From 8 o'clock until noon the battle raged. The *Monitor*, more easily managed than her antagonist, sailed around and around the *Merrimac*, firing and receiving her broadsides in return, the two being often so near to each other that their sides touched. Once the *Merrimac* got aground, but getting afloat again she turned savagely upon the *Monitor* and ran directly at her, hoping to run her down. But tho she struck her so hard that the *Monitor's* crew were nearly thrown off their feet, she did not damage the vessel in the least.

The *Merrimac*, finding that she was only wasting her ammunition on the *Monitor*, fired a shell into the *Minnesota*, setting her on fire. Another shell struck the boiler of a tugboat near the *Minnesota*, and blew her up. But the *Monitor* was not to be cheated in this way. She steamed up between the *Minnesota* and the *Merrimac* and renewed the battle. The *Merrimac* now trained her guns on the *Monitor's* pilot-house, which was built of wrought-iron beams a foot thick. A solid shot broke one of these beams, and drove it inward an inch and a half. Lieutenant Worden, who at the time had his eyes close to a slit between the bars, watching the *Merrimac*, was severely wounded in the face so as to lose his eyesight for a long time. He was therefore obliged to give up the command to Lieutenant Greene, who continued the fight. But after a few more broadsides, the *Merrimac*, finding that she could do nothing with her enemy, gave up the battle and steamed back to Norfolk, followed by her gunboats.

The breaking of the beam in the pilot-house

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was the only damage the *Monitor* received, altho she was struck twenty-two times. The *Merrimac's* iron beak was twisted, some of her armor-plates damaged, her smoke and steam-pipes riddled, and her anchor and flagstaffs shot away. Two of her guns also had their muzzles shot off. The *Monitor* returned to Fortress Monroe and remained there on the watch for her rival, but the *Merrimac* did not see fit to try her mettle again.

The *Monitor* did far more than save a few ships and a fortress—it settled the question of naval power in favor of the Union, and taught the nations of the Old World who wished to see our country divided that it would be dangerous for them to interfere in the quarrel. The Government, which had built the *Monitor* on trial, recognized her great value and at once began to construct other vessels of the same model, and by the next year the United States had a fleet of iron ships afloat able to defend their coasts against the navies of all the rest of the world.

THE PROMULGATION OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

(1862)

BY FRANCIS C. CARPENTER

The appointed hour found me at the well-remembered door of the official chamber—that door watched daily, with so many conflicting emotions of hope and fear, by the anxious throng regularly gathered there. The President had preceded me, and was already deep in Acts of Congress, with which the writing-desk was strewn, awaiting his signature. He received me pleasantly, giving me a seat near his own armchair; and after having read Mr. Lovejoy's note,² he took off his spectacles, and said, "Well, Mr. C——, we will turn you in loose here, and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea." Then, without paying much attention to the enthusiastic expression of my ambitious desire and purpose, he proceeded to give me a detailed account of the history and issue of the great proclamation.

¹ From Carpenter's "Six Months in the White House with Abraham Lincoln." The author was a portrait painter of considerable reputation in his time. His picture of the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation" is one of the most widely familiar American historical paintings. While making sketches for this picture Carpenter came into personal relations with the President and with members of his Cabinet, whom he saw with frequency.

² A note of introduction to Lincoln.

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"It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game! I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862." (The exact date he did not remember.) "This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present, excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read.

"Mr. Lovejoy," said he, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in

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substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last shriek, on the retreat." (This was his precise expression.) "'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!'"

Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster, at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the Battle of Antietam.* I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I

* The second battle of Bull Run was fought on August 29, 1862. Lee commanded the Confederates. Antietam was fought on September 17th of the same year.

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think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home (three miles out of Washington). Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

At the final meeting of September 20th, another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the proclamation in these words:

"That, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize the freedom of such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom." "When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopt me, and said, 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word "recognize," in that sentence, the words "and maintain."' I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely sure that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to 'maintain' *this*.

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"But," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!"

"It is a somewhat remarkable fact," he subsequently remarked, "that there were just one hundred days between the dates of the two proclamations issued upon the 22d of September and the 1st of January. I had not made the calculation at the time."

Having concluded this interesting statement, the President then proceeded to show me the various positions occupied by himself and the different members of the Cabinet, on the occasion of the first meeting. "As nearly as I remember," said he, "I sat near the head of the table; the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War were here, at my right hand; the others were grouped at the left."

VICKSBURG, THE TURNING-POINT IN GRANT'S CAREER

(1863)

BY JOHN FORMBY¹

To open the campaign against Vicksburg, Grant ordered the canal to be enlarged which had been cut the year before, but when he came, he saw that this would be useless, as the enemy had established a battery which enfiladed it. He then tried to turn the position by the bayou of the Yazoo and its tributaries, but the distances were great, the work slow, and the Confederates forestalled and defeated all his attempts. He spent February and March in vain endeavors to turn the right flank of the defenses, and then had to devise something else; but what? There seemed a choice of three plans: (1) to assault the batteries; (2) to go back to Memphis and start afresh, along the Mississippi Central Railway; (3) to move around opposite Vicksburg, cross the river below it on to the high land, and attack it in rear. The first would almost certainly be defeated. From a military point of view the second was best, but Grant chose the third, tho it was most risky, and even the supplies depended on success, because if successful it would be decisive, and political considerations forbade even the semblance of retreat.

¹ From Formby's "American Civil War." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

GRANT AND VICKSBURG

The war was at a standstill, generally, and many clamored for his removal from command. It was the turning-point of his career. The detail of the plan was to move down the bayous to the west of the river to New Carthage, some thirty miles below Vicksburg, run the gunboats and transports past the batteries, make a combined attack on Grand Gulf, and bring the army over; then to move along the valley of the Big Black, and attack the land side of Vicksburg. The original plan appears to have been for Banks to cooperate from the South, but this was nullified by the unexpected strength of Port Hudson.

The Confederate line was very long, there being several outlying works such as Fort Pemberton, up the Yazoo to the north, but the main line began at Haines' Bluff, a detached position north of the town, and ran with intervals to Grand Gulf, thirty miles away by land, sixty by water. To Port Hudson, also in Pemberton's command, the line was two hundred miles long, and was held by about 50,000 effective men. The latter position was quite new, for the Confederates, after Sherman's attack at Chickasaw Bluffs, had recognized that the Union army meant business, that they could not form a flotilla to oppose Porter's, so that the river must be held by land works, and the fortifications of Port Hudson, just begun, were pushed forward in all haste in January. Fort Pemberton and Grand Gulf were the outworks of the main line; to the north stretched the Yazoo watershed, a district of swamp, tangled forest, and bayou, from where the high land receded from the Mississippi, 180 miles away, to where they met again at Vicks-

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burg, each curving outward till there was a breadth of some fifty miles between them in the center. Fort Pemberton was in the middle of this almost impenetrable tangle, through which Grant vainly tried to force his way.

The river front of the Vicksburg fortifications was three miles long, and the works were carried around in rear at a distance of about two miles from the town. Some nine miles back from the Mississippi ran the Big Black River, coming out by Grand Gulf, thirty miles below. There were also strong works at Warrenton on the Mississippi, a few miles south of Vicksburg. The garrison was commanded by Stevenson, the district by Pemberton. From Vicksburg a railway ran eastward, connecting it with two important lines, the New Orleans and Memphis, and the Mobile and Ohio, at Jackson and Meridian, respectively. A relieving force was being assembled to the northeast, but Johnston, the Confederate commander from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, was at this time at Tullahoma with Bragg.

On the Union side, McClelland's corps moved on March 28th, and reached New Carthage on April 20th, the gunboats passing the batteries on the 16th. The ground was swampy and the work of moving the army very slow, but all were ready by the 29th, opposite Grand Gulf. On that day Grant tried to cover the crossing with the fleet, but the gunboats were very roughly handled, and could not stand the plunging fire from the high batteries, and he saw that the place must be taken by the army. Next day the fleet bombarded the place, and McClelland's corps crossed; Sherman was sent to make a demonstra-

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tion at Haines' Bluff to cover this operation, and handled his force so well that Pemberton thought that the real attack was there, and recalled the reenforcements which he had sent to Grand Gulf, which insured Grant's success, but Bowen, commanding at Grand Gulf, made such a gallant defense against overwhelming numbers that the fighting was very severe before McClernand made good his footing on the high ground. Sherman rejoined the army on May 7th. At this critical time Grant had the good luck to be cut off from Washington, for Halleck ordered him to join Banks further south, which would have killed his plan. This order was delivered to him when he was driving Bowen before him, but he could then disregard it, owing to the changed circumstances. He made his base at Grand Gulf for the new campaign.

When Grant was withdrawing his army from the north side, Pemberton reported that he was retreating, and was ordered to send to Bragg all the troops that he could spare, which he did before he found out his mistake: he was only able to get a few of them back, and especially missed Van Dorn's cavalry, for he had to use infantry to do their work in trying to stop Grierson. Grierson's raid was one of the most successful of the war. He left La Grange on April 17th with about 1,700 men, but detached a regiment and went on with 1,000, marched 600 miles in sixteen days through the State of Mississippi, destroyed some fifty miles of railway, and inflicted more loss than he suffered, distracting the enemy's attention at a most critical time. He rode into Baton Rouge on May 2d. This was

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almost the only successful raid carried out in an enemy's country, but it passed from one secure base to another, avoiding the great danger of return.

Pemberton's army was overextended and weak in the center, stretching from near Vicksburg to Jackson, forty miles away, when Grant got a footing to the south; he was told to concentrate, but thinking that Grant would have to retire from want of supplies, did not do so. Johnston came down with a small force, but tho he had been ordered to go and take command of the army outside Vicksburg, did not do so, but told Pemberton to come and join him. Grant was too quick for them; he struck and broke Pemberton's center at Champion's Hill, and then drove off the force at Jackson; he next turned on Johnston and drove him away also. Johnston's plan was to fight a decisive battle for Vicksburg in the field, not to shut up a large force there, which must fall with the place, and whose strength, added to the field army, would do more to secure it. Pemberton, on the other hand, did not want to uncover Vicksburg, as being the key of the Mississippi, and also an enormous depot; further, it was the Southern policy to gain time, either for foreign recognition, or to tire the North out. This plan, however, had no real chance of attaining its objects; Johnston's was the true view, but he was by no means the man to carry it out. Pemberton then went south to cut Grant's communications, which did not then exist, and the Confederate commanders were at cross-purposes; they had about as many men as Grant, 40,000, but divided, with his army between them.

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Grant having thus prevented the junction of the Confederate generals, and driven their troops apart, thought best to strike while the iron was hot and take Vicksburg by storm; he surrounded it, making connection with the fleet on both flanks, on the 18th, and made an unsuccessful assault next day. He then set to work to make good roads to the Yazoo for his right flank, and was very anxious to take the place before Johnston's new army, which was concentrating at Canton, could interfere; but Grierson's destruction of railways had hindered this very much. Grant also sent for all possible reinforcements, and was so promptly answered that Johnston's chance was soon gone. After the failure of the 19th, Grant carefully reconnoitered Vicksburg, and tried again on the 22d; he was checked, but McClernand's men got into a redoubt, and he reported to Grant that if the other corps would now do their part, the place was theirs. They therefore attacked again, only to make bad worse, for before they did so, the redoubt had been retaken, and McClernand's men made prisoners; the result was a heavy defeat. McClernand published a most offensive congratulatory order to his command, claiming that they had taken the place, but that the others had failed them, which was absolutely untrue. Grant, therefore, removed him from his command and gave it to General Ord.

Pemberton, when his troops had been defeated outside the town, retired within its lines, abandoning the outlying works. Vicksburg lies on a line of bluffs rising from the river, and deeply seamed by ravines, a position very favorable for

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defense, but the best line was too long for his force of less than 30,000 men, and tho it was well fortified with many guns, the proportion of heavy ones was too small. Grant, finding that the place could not be rushed, invested it, for Pemberton had to feed the population as well as his own men, so could not hold out long, tho Johnston, whose army was now said to be 30,000 strong, might raise the siege.

To cover it, therefore, he took the Ninth Corps, which had just come, and a division from each of the others, and put them under Sherman in the middle of June. Sherman took a position from the Benton Road, east of Haines' Bluff, along the valley of the Big Black to the railway crossing, and fortified it carefully, holding Johnston in check till Pemberton, who had been waiting in his trenches for forty-seven days, gave up in despair, and surrendered on July 4th. Johnston was always suggesting plans but did not strike. Twenty-four thousand, four hundred and ninety-one men were surrendered, 172 guns, 60,000 small arms, and a great quantity of ammunition. Grant began with 43,000 men, and ended with 75,000; his losses were 9,362, including 453 missing. Pemberton's greatest force just before the siege was 40,000; when he moved into the town it was only 28,000. His losses were probably about 10,000, but the campaign cost the Confederates the Mississippi and the States to the west. This was the first campaign in the war in which the newly raised colored troops were regularly used, both with the main army and to guard the country in rear, tho a few were with Banks at Port Hudson in May.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S DEATH

(1863)

BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS¹

But tho the Confederates in all these engagements together achieved a grand success, and their arms were crowned with an exceedingly brilliant victory, yet they were met with a loss that could never be repaired! This was the fall of the great chieftain, "Stonewall" Jackson, as he was familiarly and endearingly styled by the soldiery and the mass of the people of the Confederate States. Just as he was in the successful accomplishment of one of his masterly flank movements, and one which turned the fortunes of this eventful four days' contest, he received a wound that terminated in his death in a few days afterward. The saddest reflection attending so great loss was that the shot which proved so disastrous came by mistake from his own lines.

Pushing ahead, leading his columns on a night attack, with a view to ascertain for himself the exact position of the Federals, whom he knew to be near, he got somewhat in advance of the main body of his troops. One of his staff and several others were with him. On their return, being mounted and riding briskly, they were supposed by those in the Confederate ranks to be an approaching party of Federal cavalry, and under

¹ From Stephens's "War Between the States."

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this misapprehension were fired upon by them. The lines of Byron on Kirke White might well be applied to him:

“So the struck eagle, stretch’d upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View’d his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing’d the shaft that quiver’d in his heart.”

It is said that his own orders were that his troops were not to fire “unless cavalry approached from the direction of the enemy.” His death caused grief and mourning from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Ohio and Missouri to the Gulf and the Atlantic. Lieutenant-General Thomas J. Jackson was, indeed, in many respects a most extraordinary man. Famous as he had so recently become for his military exploits, he was not less distinguished even in camp for his piety and devotions. In religion he was of the same faith as Thomas R. R. Cobb. It would be difficult to say which of the two was the more zealous and enthusiastic in worship, and in the discharge of what they considered moral duty. These two men, so similar in character, were both cut down in the prime of life, at no great distance apart, in time or place. Cobb, raised to the rank of Brigadier-General, had fallen on the 13th of December previous, in the first great battle in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

(1863)

BY EDWARD A. POLLARD¹

The great battle opened on the 1st of July. The enemy's advance, consisting of the Eleventh Corps, was met by Heth's division, and shortly thereafter Ewell hurled the main body of his corps on the Federal column. When within one mile of the town, the Confederates made a desperate charge. The Federal line was broken; the enemy was driven in terrible confusion; the streets of the small town soon became thronged with fugitives; and Ewell, sweeping all before him, charged through the town, strewing every step of his progress with the enemy's dead, and taking 5,000 prisoners. The crowded masses of fugitives poured through the town in rout and confusion, ascending the slopes of a hill toward a cemetery that covered its apex.

It was not later than 5 o'clock in the evening, but the success was not followed up. As Ewell and Hill prepared for a fresh attack they were halted by General Lee, who deemed it advisable to abstain from pressing his advantage until the arrival of the remainder of his army. The unfortunate inaction of a single evening and night enabled Meade not only to bring up all his forces, but to post them on an almost impregnable line,

¹ From Pollard's "Lost Cause."

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which the Confederates had permitted a routed detachment of a few thousand men to occupy and hold.

The failure of General Lee to follow up the victory of the 1st enabled the enemy to take at leisure, and in full force, one of the strongest positions in any action of the war, and to turn the tables of the battle-field completely upon the Confederates. On the night of the 1st of July, General Meade,² in person, reached the scene of action, and concentrated his entire army on those critical heights of Gettysburg, that had bounded the action of the first day, designated by the proper name of Cemetery Ridge.

This ridge, which was just opposite the town, extended in a westerly and southerly direction, gradually diminishing in elevation till it came to a very prominent ridge called "Round Top," running east and west. The Confederates occupied an exterior ridge, less elevated, distant from the lines occupied by the Federals from a mile to a mile and a half. On this sunken parallel was arranged the Confederate line of battle—Ewell's Corps on the left, beginning at the town with Early's division, then Rodes' division; on the right of Rodes' division was the left of Hill's corps, commencing with Heth's, then Pender's and Anderson's divisions. On the right of Anderson's division was Longstreet's left, McLaw's division being next to Anderson's, and Hood on the extreme right of our line, which was opposite the eminence upon which the enemy's left rested. There was long a persistent popular opinion in the South that General Lee, having

² Meade was in command of the Union army.

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failed to improve the advantage of the first day, did wrong thereafter to fight at Gettysburg. But this charge must be discust with care. General Lee, himself, has explained how a battle was forced upon him. He says:

“It had not been intended to fight a general battle at such distance from our base, unless attacked by the Federal army; it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies, while in the presence of the enemy’s main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the first day, and in view of the valuable results which would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack.”

It is true that the position of the enemy was one of extraordinary strength. But the army of northern Virginia was in an extraordinary state of proficiency; it was flushed with victory; it had accomplished so many wonders in the past that it was supposed to be equal to anything short of a miracle; and when, on the morning of the 2d, General Lee reconnoitered the field, and scanned the heights which looked upon him through brows of brass and iron, he was noticed to rise in his stirrups and mutter an expression of confidence. He decided to attack.

The action of the 2d of July did not commence until about 2 o’clock in the afternoon. Under cover of a heavy fire from the Confederate bat-

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teries, Longstreet advanced against the Federal left, and Ewell, from Gettysburg and Rocky Creek, moved forward Johnston's, Rodes', and Early's divisions against the right, his guns keeping up a continuous fire on the slopes of Cemetery Hill. While the two corps on the flanks advanced to the attack, Anderson's division received orders to be prepared to support Longstreet, and Pender and Heth to act as a reserve, to be employed as circumstances might require.

Longstreet, having placed himself at the head of Hood's and McLaw's divisions, attacked with great fury. The first part of the enemy's line he struck was Sickles's Corps,^s which he hurled back with terrible loss on the heights in its rear. The Confederates delivered their fire at short musket range, then charged up the steep ascent with the peculiar yell of the Southern soldier. Meade, seeing that the real attack was against his left, hurried reinforcements rapidly from his center.

For two hours the battle raged with sublime fury, and on the semicircle of Round Top trembled the fiery diadem of victory, and all the issues of the day. The fire was fearful and incessant; three hundred pieces of artillery belched forth death and destruction on every side; the tumultuous chorus made the earth tremble; and a dense pall of smoke fitly constituted a* sulfurous canopy for scenes of infernal horror. Longstreet, with hat in hand, seemed to court the death which avoided him. At one moment it was thought the day was won. Three brigades of Anderson's

^s Named after its commander, General Daniel E. Sickles, who is still living (December, 1911).

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division moved up, had made a critical attack, and Wilcox and Wright almost gained the ridge; but reenforcements reached the Federals; and unsupported by the remainder of Anderson's division, Longstreet's men failed to gain the summit of the hill, or to drive back the enemy from the heights of the Round Top.

On the Confederate left, Ewell's success had been better. He had moved forward to the assault of Cemetery Hill; Johnston's division forced its way across the broken ground near Rocky Creek, sustaining considerable loss from the fire poured down upon it from the higher ground; Early's division advanced to storm the ridge above Gettysburg, and Rodes on the right moved forward in support. But the attack was not simultaneous. Hayes' and Hoke's brigades of Early's division, succeeded in capturing the first line of breastworks, but were driven back by the weight of numbers. Johnston, however, gained important ground, and when night fell, still retained hold of the position he had seized on the right bank of Rocky Creek.

The summary of the second day's action was that the Confederates had obtained some advantage; that the Round Top, had, at least, been temporarily in their possession, showing that it was not impregnable; that on the left, important positions had been taken; and so the result was such as to lead General Lee to believe that he would ultimately be able to dislodge the enemy, and to decide the Confederate commander upon a last, supreme effort for decisive victory.

The morning of the 3d of July wore away with but little incident of conflict. On the extreme

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left, where Johnston occupied the right bank of Rocky Creek, there was some desultory action; but General Lee did not attempt to assist this part of the line, hoping to retrieve whatever might occur there by a vigorous movement against the center of the enemy's position. Early in the morning he ascended the college cupola in Gettysburg to reconnoiter. Pickett's division of three brigades, numbering less than 5,000 men, which had been left to guard the rear, reached the field of Gettysburg on the morning of the 3d. This body of Virginia troops was now to play a part the most important in the contest, and on this summer day to make a mark in history to survive as long as the language of glorious deeds is read in this world.

About noon there was a deep calm in the warm air. General Lee determined to mass his artillery in front of Hill's Corps, and under cover of this tremendous fire to direct the assault on the enemy's center. To this end more than 100 pieces of artillery were placed in position. On the opposite side of the valley might be perceived the gradual concentration of the enemy in the woods, the preparations for the mighty contest that was at last to break the ominous silence with a sound of conflict such as was scarcely ever before heard on earth. It was a death-like silence. At 12:30 P.M. the shrill sound of a Whitworth gun pierced the air. Instantly more than 200 cannon belched forth their thunder at one time. It was absolutely appalling. An officer writes:

"The air was hideous with most discordant noise. The very earth shook beneath our feet,

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and the hills and rocks seemed to reel like a drunken man. For one hour and a half this most terrific fire was continued, during which time the shrieking of shell, the crash of falling timber, the fragments of rocks flying through the air, shattered from the cliffs by solid shot, the heavy mutterings from the valley between the opposing armies, the splash of bursting shrapnell, and the fierce neighing of wounded artillery horses made a picture terribly grand and sublime."

Into this scene of death moved out the Confederate column of assault. Pickett's division proceeded to descend the slope of hills and to move across the open ground. The front was thickly covered with skirmishers; then followed Kemper's and Garnett's brigades, forming the first line, with Armistead in support. On the flanks were Heth's division, commanded by Pettigrew, of Hill's corps, and Wilcox's brigade of McLaw's Corps, the former on the left, the latter on the right of the Virginians.

Pickett led the attack. The 5,000 Virginians descended the hill with the precision and regularity of a parade. As they reached the Emmittsburg road, the Confederate guns, which had fired over their heads to cover the movement, ceased, and there stood exposed these devoted troops to the uninterrupted fire of the enemy's batteries, while the fringe of musketry fire along a stone wall marked the further boundary of death to which they marched. No halt, no waver. Through half a mile of shot and shell prest on the devoted column. It was no sudden impetus of excitement that carried them through this

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terrible ordeal; it was no thin storm of fire which a dash might penetrate and divide. In every inch of air was the wing of death. Against the breadth of each man's body reared the red crest of destruction.

Steadily the Virginians press on. The name of Virginia was that day baptized in fire, and illuminated forever in the temple of history. There had been no such example of devotion in the war. Presently wild cries ring out; the smoke-masked troops are in the enemy's works; there is a hand-to-hand contest, and again and again the Confederate flag is lifted through the smoke over the shrinking columns of the enemy. Garnett is dead. Armistead is mortally wounded. Kemper is shot down. Every brigadier of the division is killed or wounded. But Pickett is unscathed in the storm; his flashing sword has taken the key of the enemy's position, and points the path of the conflict through his broken columns; the glad shout of victory is already heard; and on the distant hill of observation, where a little group of breathless spectators had watched the scene, Longstreet turns to General Lee to congratulate him that the day is won.

Vain! vain! Overlooking the field, General Lee saw that the troops of Pettigrew's division had wavered. Another moment and they had fallen back in confusion, exposing Pickett's division to attack both from front and flank. The courage of Virginians could do no more. Overwhelmed, almost destitute of officers, and nearly surrounded, the magnificent troops of Pickett give way. Slowly and steadily they yielded ground, and under the heavy fire which the ar-

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tillery poured into their broken ranks, they retraced their steps across the fatal valley.

General Lee was never known to betray on any battle-field a sign, either of exultation or disappointment. As he witnessed the last grand effort of his men, and saw it fail, he was seen for a moment to place his fingers thoughtfully between his lips. Presently he rode quietly in front of the woods, rallying and encouraging the broken troops, uttering words of cheer and encouragement. To a foreign military officer of rank, who had come to witness the battle, he said very simply : "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories."

There was no dramatic circumstance about him; no harangue; but nothing could be more affecting, nothing more sublime, than to witness that when this plain gentleman rode through the throng of broken troops, saying such simple words as "Never mind," "We'll talk of this afterward," "Now we want all good men to rally," every fugitive paused, and badly wounded men took off their hats to cheer him! The Army of Northern Virginia never knew such a thing as panic. . .

The enemy did not move from his works, and the new crisis for which General Lee had so quietly prepared did not come. Night fell over the third scene of bloodshed. The Confederate loss in this frightful series of engagements exceeded 10,000 men. Some of the details of this loss exhibit instances of desperate conflict which shock the heart. In Pickett's division, out of twenty-four regimental officers, only two escaped unhurt. The Ninth Virginia went in two hun-

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dred and fifty strong, and came out with only thirty-eight men. In another part of the field the Eighth Georgia rivaled this ghastly record of glory. It went into battle with thirty-two officers, out of which twenty-four were killed or wounded. The Federal loss in the engagement proper of Gettysburg is not known. General Meade acknowledged to the total loss during the campaign of 23,186 killed, wounded, and missing. Nearly half of these are to be found in the total of prisoners, including the captures at Winchester.

The morning of the 4th of July dawned upon the two armies still confronting each other. They occupied precisely the same ground that each occupied on the first day's fight. No disposition was shown by either to attack the other. About 12 o'clock Lee made preparations to withdraw such of the wounded as could be transported in ambulances and wagons. These were placed in line, and, under a strong escort, sent back toward the Potomac. This consumed the afternoon and night of the 4th. On the morning of the 5th of July the Confederate line of battle was drawn in, leaving a heavy skirmish line to confront the Federals. By midnight of the 5th, Lee's rear guard was well out from Gettysburg, and retiring in perfect order. There was no excitement, no panic. The entire wagon and supply trains, every piece of artillery, large herds of cattle and horses, and about 7,000 prisoners were all brought off safely.

CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA

(1863)

BY JOHN FORMBY¹

Under cover of Crittenden's feint, the rest of the Union army moved to its assigned places, and crossed the Tennessee between August 29th and September 4th, getting into touch with the Confederate outposts on the 6th. On the 9th, Rosecrans heard that Bragg had evacuated Chattanooga and gone south: he ordered McCook's corps to strike across and cut off his retreat, but on the 11th the passes were found blocked, the advanced troops could not get forward, and definite information came in that Bragg's army was concentrated right in front, at the exit from the mountains, and that he was expecting Longstreet's corps from Virginia. This was serious, for the Union army was scattered over a front of some thirty miles, in a maze of valleys, with very bad going, and worse communication between them, and under these unfavorable circumstances it was vital to concentrate it at once. Rosecrans had made a rash and badly calculated move, and was caught in the middle of it.

Bragg saw his opponent's mistakes, on the 8th, both in thinking that he was in retreat, and in his

¹ From Formby's "American Civil War." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

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loose dispositions, and gave orders which would have exposed the Union army to defeat in detail, but he was on bad terms with his subordinates, who delayed, and gave Rosecrans the time he wanted. Bragg ordered a concentration on the east bank of the Chickamauga, keeping up a cavalry screen till Longstreet arrived from Virginia, which he did on the 18th and 19th, without cavalry or artillery. Bragg issued his orders on the 18th for the battle next day, intending to destroy the Union left, seize the Lafayette road, and cut Rosecrans off from Chattanooga. His corps were to advance in succession from the right, outflanking the Union left, and turning to the left as they crossed the river, so as to drive the Union forces southward up the valley from Polk's front: Polk, the left corps but one, who was really facing the bulk of the Union army, to push forward and join in the attack. D. H. Hill, on the left, was to cover that flank by attacking Rosecrans's right. These movements were not carried out as soon as they should have been, partly owing to the bad ground and the unexpected resistance of the Union outposts, but partly also to the dilatoriness of some of the commanders.

Between the 12th and 18th, Rosecrans was concentrating, some of his troops being far to the south at McAlpine, and on the 18th he sent Thomas to occupy the important Lafayette road. He held the line, Crawfish Springs-Lee and Gordon's Mills-McLennon's Cove, the general line being along the Chattanooga-Rossville road. The whole army was in position about daybreak on the 19th. He told Thomas, when he sent him to the left, that he was to hold the Rossville road, and that, if hard prest,

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the whole army would come to his help. On this day, 18th, there were some movements near the fords, and Thomas took more ground to his left. Next day, Thomas moved first, and Bragg found that instead of outflanking his enemy, he was outflanked himself, and was attacked instead of attacking, for a sharp fight began before his troops were in their places. Both sides brought up supports, and the battle swayed backward and forward. Bragg, seeing that Rosecrans had discovered his plan, and would fight for the Rossville road, put Polk in command on the right, supporting him with Hill's corps. A furious attack drove Thomas back and reached the Lafayette road, but it was recovered, and Thomas took up a more compact position. Granger, with three brigades in reserve, was at Rossville, covering the rear and left. The first day's battle was in favor of Rosecrans, for Bragg had failed to shake his hold on the important roads.

For the next day, Bragg, now that all Longstreet's force was in, divided the army into two commands, under him and Polk, on the left and right respectively. The attack was to be made in echelon from the right, at dawn: when in action, the whole army was to wheel to the left, but also to press the Union left, to seize the Chattanooga road.

Rosecrans's plans for the 20th were for Thomas to hold his old position and the Rossville road; McCook to hold his advanced line as long as possible, touching Thomas with his left, Crittenden to be in reserve in rear of the center. All the troops were not in their places at daybreak, and Rosecrans found much fault with McCook's dispo-

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sition, directing him to alter it. Much time was lost in making these corrections.

On the other side, Bragg came up and found the attack hanging fire, and Polk not present. He saw that Thomas was not holding the Chattanooga road strongly, and threw a heavy attack on it, which was repulsed, but he now put his whole weight in here, and Thomas had to call on McCook for reenforcements till a thin place was made in the line: before it could be made good, Longstreet burst in with one of his tremendous attacks, with five divisions, broke the line, and cut the Union army in two on Thomas's right, while Bragg again attacked on his left, to cut him off from Chattanooga, but was again repulsed.

Longstreet, however, now saw that the conditions warranted a departure from the original plan of battle, and instead of wheeling to his left, to drive McCook up the valley, turned to the right on Thomas, Crittenden's men had all been thrown into the fight, and Granger's command at Rossville was the last reserve; he had been told to stay there, to cover the rear, but saw also that his orders were not longer applicable, and moved up in the nick of time to save Thomas from defeat. Longstreet's last reserve was all that remained on the other side, and Bragg threw it in for a last furious attack, which failed, and when night fell Thomas was still holding his ground.

Just before Longstreet's attack, Rosecrans had gone to look after things on the right, and could not return to Thomas except via Rossville. He there heard that the army was beaten, and made the fatal mistake of not going to see for himself, but to Chattanooga, to make arrangements for his

CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA

beaten army, sending to tell Thomas to take command on the field, and retreat to Rossville. Thomas, however, determined to hold on till dark, and did not move till all attacks had been beaten off.² He then took post at Rossville Gap till all was ready at Chattanooga, when the whole army was brought there, and works thrown up which protected it from direct attack.

Tho Rosecrans' full strength was 67,500 men, his long line took so many to guard it that he had no more than 55,000 on the field, out of which he lost 11,080 in killed and wounded, missing 5,255; total, 16,335. Bragg had some 70,000 men in action; his losses were believed to be 2,673 killed, 16,274 wounded, 2,003 missing; total, 20,950.

Up to the time that Bragg left Chattanooga, Rosecrans had outgeneraled him at every point: it was a most masterly performance to turn out a man of his caliber, first from Tennessee, then from his base, in such a way, but the calculations for the campaign which ended at Chickamauga do not seem to have been so carefully worked out as before. . . .

This was one of the hardest battles of the whole war, of which it was said that neither side ever fought so well. D. H. Hill says that the "barren victory" broke the Confederates' hearts, and that their dash was never again seen to perfection. Bragg had again fought his army to a standstill against the great Rosecrans-Thomas combination, and lost his objective, Chattanooga. Both sides lost by the campaign, Rosecrans tactically, Bragg strategically.

² General George H. Thomas's share in this battle gained for him the title of "The Rock of Chickamauga."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Great was the consternation in the North at the news. Reenforcements were hurried up from all sides: Hooker went from the East, with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, 15,000 strong; Sherman and Hurlbut sent troops from Vicksburg and Memphis, and Burnside moved forward. Rosecrans was in a most precarious position, down in a hole, with approaches from north and northwest over sixty miles of rough mountain tracks, and these made insecure by Confederate cavalry, while his regular line of supply from the west passed through the Tennessee Valley, which his enemies commanded. The railway to Knoxville was useless, owing to Confederate operations, and Chattanooga was a wretched position, commanded from all sides. Bragg was thus certain that the Union troops must soon evacuate it, unless help came.

The news from Chattanooga became worse and worse, for retreat would have meant not only the loss of all Rosecrans' guns, but of the army itself as an organized body, such a disaster, in fact, as had not yet been incurred, which would have gone far to neutralize the results of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and to avert which a stronger hand was wanted. Grant was put in command of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, with the exception of Banks' district, and chose the scheme of reorganization which substituted Thomas for Rosecrans. McCook and Crittenden were also relieved from command. The Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps were made into a new Fourth and put under Granger, Sherman and Hurlbut were hastening up, and things looked better. Grant at once took up the shortening of the line of supply, by river, and a new bridge,

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near Wauhatchie, covered by Hooker's command, and when it was opened, on November 1st, Thomas's army had only two or three days' rations left.

At this time Bragg sent Longstreet away against Burnside, at Knoxville, which seems a huge mistake, to send away his best lieutenant and two divisions, just before an important campaign, but the reason was that they could not pull together, and Jefferson Davis came down, it is supposed, to settle the trouble. Grant, who knew both men well, was not surprized, for Bragg was most quarrelsome, and Longstreet would not be put upon. When he heard that Longstreet had gone, he planned to attack Bragg's position as soon as Sherman came, for he wished him to take the principal attack, as he thought that Thomas's army was rather demoralized. The weather was so bad that Sherman did not arrive till the 21st: he was to attack Missionary Ridge, supported by part of Thomas's command, the rest making a feint of attacking from Chattanooga, Hooker to hold Lookout Valley, and Howard's Eleventh Corps, north of the river, held at disposal.

On the 23d, Thomas was sent to make a reconnaissance in force, to see whether Bragg was sending men away or retreating: he gained some ground on the side of Missionary Ridge, and entrenched it, while Sherman attacked the north end of the hill, with the same result. Sherman was ordered to attack at dawn on the 24th, and was told that Thomas would do the same, Hooker making a demonstration against Lookout Mountain. The day opened thick and wet, and the Confederates on the high ground could not see what was going

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on below, which helped Hooker, who pushed up Lookout Mountain, above the clouds, cleared the near end of it, and drove the Confederates down the other side: he entrenched where he stood. On the 25th he went on to Rossville, chasing the enemy till dark, from there, and from their works on the battle-field of Chickamauga.

On this day, Sherman made his main attack on Missionary Ridge, but was stoutly opposed, till Grant told Thomas to take four divisions, seize the first line of rifle-pits in his front, and await orders, but instead of this they charged right up the steep hill and cleared it, because the fire on the first line of works taken, from those in rear, was so severe that they were less exposed if they went on up the steeper part of the hill. Tho this part of the Confederate main line was very strong, Bragg sent for reenforcements as soon as he saw the move, but the Army of the Cumberland would not be denied, and swept over all with hardly a check, driving his troops back beyond Chickamauga Station. In the night he withdrew his troops from Sherman's front, and Sherman occupied their ground: the pursuit was kept up till the 28th, and the railway to Atlanta destroyed in many places.

This great victory of Chattanooga enabled Grant and Sherman to plan the stroke which should sweep through the heart of the Confederacy and bring home to its people the meaning of war, at their own doors: the first stage being the advance to Atlanta, the great railway and manufacturing center of the South, to be undertaken the next spring.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

(1864)

GENERAL SHERMAN'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

On the 12th of November the railroad and telegraph communications with the rear were broken, and the army stood detached from all friends, dependent on its own resources and supplies. The strength of the army, as officially reported shows an aggregate of fifty-five thousand three hundred and twenty-nine infantry, five thousand and sixty-three cavalry, and eighteen hundred and twelve artillery—in all, sixty-two thousand two hundred and four officers and men. . . .

The most extraordinary efforts had been made to purge this army of non-combatants and of sick men so that all on this exhibit may be assumed to have been able-bodied, experienced soldiers, well armed, well equipped, and provided, as far as human foresight permitted, with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action. . . .

The two general orders made for this march appear to me, even at this late day, so clear, emphatic, and well digested, that no account of that historic event is perfect without them and, tho they called for great sacrifice and labor on the part of the officers and men, I insist that these orders

¹ From Sherman's "Memoirs," by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. Copyright 1875.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

were obeyed as well as any similar orders ever were, by an army operating wholly in an enemy's country, and dispersed, as we necessarily were, during the subsequent period of nearly six months. The wagon-trains were divided equally between the four corps, so that each had about eight hundred wagons, and these usually on the march occupied five miles or more of road. . . .

The march from Atlanta began on the morning of November 15th, the right wing and cavalry following the railroad southeast toward Jonesboro, and General Slocum with the Twentieth Corps leading off to the east by Decatur and Stone Mountain, toward Madison. These were divergent lines, designed to threaten both Macon and Augusta at the same time, so as to prevent a concentration at our intended destination, or "objective," Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, distant southeast about one hundred miles. . . .

About 7 A. M. of November 16th we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell.² Behind us lay Atlanta, smoldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-

² General James B. McPherson, who graduated at West Point, and at the time of his death commanded the Army of the Tennessee.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped wagons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace, that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident struck up the anthem of "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" done with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place. . . .

The first night out we camped by the roadside near Lithonia. The whole horizon was lurid with the bonfires of rail-ties, and groups of men all night were carrying the heated rails to the nearest trees, and bending them around the trunks. Colonel Poe had provided tools for ripping up the rails and twisting them when hot; but the best and easiest way is the one of heating the middle of the iron rails on bonfires made of the cross-ties, and then winding them around a telegraph-pole or the trunk of some convenient sapling. I attached some importance to this destruction of the railroad, gave it my own personal attention, and made reiterated orders to others on the subject. . . .

We found abundance of corn, molasses, meal, bacon, and sweet potatoes. We also took a good many cows and oxen, and a large number of mules. In all these the country was quite rich, never before having been visited by a hostile army; the recent crop had been excellent, had been just gathered and laid by for the winter. As a rule, we destroyed none, but kept our wagons full, and fed our teams bountifully.

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The skill and success of the men in collecting forage was one of the features of this march. Each brigade commander had authority to detail a company of foragers, usually about fifty men, with one or two commissioned officers selected for their boldness and enterprise. This party would be dispatched before daylight with a knowledge of the intended day's march and camp; would proceed on foot five or six miles from the route traveled by their brigade, and then visit every plantation and farm within range. They would usually procure a wagon or family carriage, load it with bacon, corn-meal, turkeys, chickens, ducks, and everything that could be used as food or forage, and would then regain the main road, usually in advance of their train. When this came up, they would deliver to the brigade commissary the supplies thus gathered by the way.

Often would I pass these foraging-parties at the roadside, waiting for their wagons to come up, and was amused at their strange collections—mules, horses, even cattle, packed with old saddles and loaded with hams, bacon, bags of corn-meal, and poultry of every character and description. Altho this foraging was attended with great danger and hard work, there seemed to be a charm about it that attracted the soldiers, and it was a privilege to be detailed on such a party. Daily they returned mounted on all sorts of beasts, which were at once taken from them and appropriated to the general use; but the next day they would start out again on foot, only to repeat the experience of the day before.

No doubt, many acts of pillage, robbery, and violence were committed by these parties of for-

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

agers, usually called "bummers"; for I have since heard of jewelry taken from women, and the plunder of articles that never reached the commissary; but these acts were exceptional and incidental. No army could have carried along sufficient food and forage for a march of three hundred miles; so that foraging in some shape was necessary. By it our men were well supplied with all the essentials of life and health, while the wagons retained enough in case of unexpected delay, and our animals were well fed. Indeed, when we reached Savannah, the trains were pronounced by experts to be the finest in flesh and appearance ever seen with any army. . . .

November 23d, we rode into Milledgeville, the capital of the State, whither the Twentieth Corps had preceded us; and during that day the left wing was all united, in and around Milledgeville. The first stage of the journey was, therefore, complete, and absolutely successful.

I was in Milledgeville with the left wing, and was in full communication with the right wing at Gordon. The people of Milledgeville remained at home, except the Governor (Brown), the State officers, and Legislature, who had ignominiously fled, in the utmost disorder and confusion. . . .

Meantime orders were made for the total destruction of the arsenal and its contents, and of such public buildings as could be easily converted to hostile uses. Meantime the right wing continued its movement along the railroad toward Savannah, tearing up the track and destroying its iron. Kilpatrick's cavalry was brought into Milledgeville, and crossed the Oconee by the bridge near the town; and on the 23d I made the general

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

orders for the next stage of the march as far as Millen.*

* John Formby, the English writer, in his "American Civil War," says of the march to the sea: "The peculiarities of the march were not the battles fought, but that the destruction of railways and foraging to enable the army to live on the country were reduced to exact sciences. A whole division would lift a long length of line, drop it to loosen the sleepers, then pile them up, make a fire, and heat and twist the rails, often round trees: over 300 miles of line were thus destroyed, and all forage along a belt sixty miles wide.

"To destroy the subsistence in the country, the army lived on it entirely, each brigade detailing a foraging party daily, and turning over to the quartermaster's department everything it brought in. The men started on foot and returned mounted, thus keeping the army teams strong and the Confederate cavalry weak; if attacked they formed a skirmishing line to protect the laden mules, and generally brought them in.

"Tho there were strict orders not to damage private property, unless attacked by the people, when it was done by order, there was much looting and needless destruction. Pioneer corps, largely composed of negroes, were organized for repairing roads, and marched between the advanced guard and the main body. Tho the work was hard, the weather was perfect, and the march was almost a pleasant picnic to the men after what they had gone through. So things went on till the army neared Savannah."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALABAMA"

(1864)

BY RAPHAEL SEMMES, HER
COMMANDER¹

I steamed out of the harbor of Cherbourg between 9 and 10 o'clock on the morning of June 19 for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer *Kearsarge*,² which had been lying off and on the port for several days previously. After clearing the harbor we descried the enemy, with his head offshore, at a distance of about nine miles. We were three-quarters of an hour in coming up with him.

Let me say I had previously pivoted my guns to

¹ From Semmes' official report, dated Southampton, England, June 21, 1864.

The *Alabama* was a wooden ship of about a thousand tons, built for the Confederacy at Birkenhead, England. Her crew and equipments were English. When she met the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, she had destroyed, as a cruiser, much American shipping. Because she was built and manned in England, claims for damages were preferred against England by the United States. These were finally adjusted at the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal in June, 1872. The gross award for damages caused by the *Alabama* and other ships for whose acts England was held to be responsible amounted to \$15,000,000. In Volume IX will be found an account of the Geneva settlements, by James G. Blaine.

² The *Kearsarge* was a wooden ship of about 1,000 tons, and was commanded by Captain John A. Winslow. In 1894 she was wrecked in the Caribbean Sea.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

starboard, and made all my preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy he suddenly wheeled, and bringing his head inshore presented his starboard battery to me.

By this time we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the engagement became active on both sides. The enemy now prest his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and to keep our respective broadsides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle, the two ships steaming around a common center and preserving a distance from each other of from a quarter to half a mile. When we got within good shell range, we opened upon him with shell.

Some ten or fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action our spanker gaff was shot away and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizzen-masthead. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship. Perceiving that our shell, tho apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing but little damage, I returned to solid shot firing, and from this time onward alternated with shot and shell.

After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes our ship was ascertained to be in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our sides and between decks, opening large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity. For some few minutes I had hopes of

DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALABAMA"

being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam and set such of the fore-and-aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking.

I now hauled down my colors to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition. Altho we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck, dangerously wounding several of my men. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally. We now turned all our exertions toward the wounded, and such of the boys as were unable to swim. These were dispatched in my quarter-boats, the only boats remaining to me, the wait-boats having been torn to pieces.

Some twenty minutes after my furnace fires had been extinguished, and the ship being on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given to the crew, jumped overboard and endeavored to save himself. There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy until after the ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound*, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England (Mr. John Lancaster), who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

About this time the *Kearsarge* sent one and then, tardily, another boat.

Accompanying you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the *Deerhound*. The remainder there is reason to hope were picked up by the enemy and by a couple of French pilot-boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action. At the end of the engagement it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated, this having been done with chains constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armor beneath. This planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side.

My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and tho they have lost their ship they have not lost honor. Where all behaved so well it would be invidious to particularize; but I can not deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action, with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell-rooms; also that he rendered me great assistance by his coolness and judgment.

The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also ironclad. Our total loss in killed and wounded is 30, to wit, 9 killed and 21 wounded.

FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY

(1864)

THE ADMIRAL'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

The vessels outside the bar, which were designed to participate in the engagement, were all under way by forty minutes past five in the morning (August 5), two abreast, and lasht together. The ironclads were already inside the bar, and had been ordered to take up their positions on the star-board side of the wooden ships, or between them and Fort Morgan, for the double purpose of keeping down the fire from the water battery and the parapet guns of the fort, as well as to attack the ram *Tennessee* as soon as the fort was passed. . . .

The attacking fleet steamed steadily up the main ship-channel, the *Tecumseh* firing the first shot at forty-seven minutes past six o'clock. At six minutes past seven the fort opened upon us, and was replied to by a gun from the *Brooklyn*, and immediately after the action became general. It was soon apparent that there was some difficulty ahead.

The *Brooklyn*, for some cause which I did not then clearly understand, arrested the advance of the whole fleet, while, at the same time, the guns of the fort were playing with great effect upon that vessel and the *Hartford*. A moment after I saw the *Tecumseh*, struck by a torpedo, disappear

¹ From Farragut's official report.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

almost instantaneously beneath the waves, carrying with her gallant commander and nearly all her crew. I determined at once, as I had originally intended, to take the lead; and after ordering the *Metacomet* to send a boat to save, if possible, any of the perishing crew, I dashed ahead with the *Hartford*, and the ships followed on, their officers believing that they were going to a noble death with their commander-in-chief.²

I steamed through between the buoys, where the torpedoes were supposed to have been sunk. These buoys had been previously examined by my flag-lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson, in several nightly reconnaissances. Tho he had not been able to discover the sunken torpedoes, yet we had been assured by refugees, deserters, and others, of their existence, but believing that, from their having been some time in the water they were

² Of this famous incident in the Battle of Mobile Bay, Farragut's son, Lloyd Farragut, in his biography of the admiral, says: "By half-past seven the *Tecumseh* was well up with the fort, and drawing slowly by the *Tennessee*, having her on the port beam, when suddenly she reeled to port and went down with almost every soul on board, destroyed by a torpedo. Craven, in his eagerness to engage the ram, had passed to the west of the fatal buoy. If he had gone but his breadth of beam eastward of it, he would have been safe, so far as the torpedoes were concerned.

"This appalling disaster was not immediately realized by the fleet. Some supposed the *Tennessee* had been sunk, or some advantage gained over the enemy, and cheer after cheer from the *Hartford* was taken up and echoed along the line. But Farragut, from his lofty perch, saw the true state of affairs, and his anxiety was not decreased when the *Brooklyn*, just ahead, suddenly stopt. He hailed his pilot, Freeman, above him in the top, to ask, 'What is the matter with the *Brooklyn*. She must have plenty of water there.' 'Plenty, and to spare, Admiral,' the man replied. Alden had seen the *Tecumseh* go down, and the heavy line of torpedoes

FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY

probably innocuous, I determined to take the chance of their explosion. From the moment I turned to the northwestward, to clear the middle ground, we were enabled to keep such a broad-side fire upon the batteries of Fort Morgan that their guns did us comparatively little injury. . . .

Having passed the fort and dispersed the enemy's gunboats, I had ordered most of the vessels to anchor, when I perceived the ram *Tennessee* standing up for this ship. This was at forty-five minutes past eight. I was not long in comprehending his intentions to be the destruction of the flag-ship. The monitors, and such of the wooden vessels as I thought best adopted for the purpose, were immediately ordered to attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed, and then began one of the fiercest naval combats on record.

Monongahela, Commander Strong, was the first vessel that struck her, and in doing so carried away

across the channel made him pause. The *Brooklyn* began to back; the vessels in the rear, pressing on those in the van, soon created confusion, and disaster seemed imminent. 'The batteries of our ships were almost silent,' says an eye-witness, 'while the whole of Mobile Point was a living flame.'

"What's the trouble?" was shouted through a trumpet from the flagship to the *Brooklyn*.

"Torpedoes!" was shouted back in reply.

"Damn the torpedoes!" said Farragut. 'Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!' And the *Hartford* passed the *Brooklyn*, assumed the head of the line, and led the fleet to victory. It was the one only way out of the difficulty, and any hesitation would have closed even this escape from a frightful disaster. Nor did the Admiral forget the poor fellows who were struggling in the water where the *Tecumseh* had gone down, but ordered Jouett to lower a boat and pick up the survivors."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

his own prow, together with the cutwater, without apparently doing her adversary much injury. The *Lackawanna*, Captain Marchand, was the next vessel to strike her, which she did at full speed; but tho her stem was cut and crushed to the plank ends for the distance of three feet above the water's edge to five feet below, the only perceptible effect on the ram was to give her a heavy list.

The *Hartford* was the third vessel which struck her, but, as the *Tennessee* quickly shifted her helm, the blow was a glancing one, and as she rasped along our side, we poured our whole port broadside of nine-inch solid shot within ten feet of her casement. The monitors worked slowly, but delivered their fire as opportunity offered. The *Chickasaw* succeeded in getting under her stern, and a fifteen-inch shot from the *Manhattan* broke through her iron plating and heavy wooden backing tho the missile itself did not enter the vessel.

Immediately after the collision with the flagship, I directed Captain Drayton to bear down for the ram again. He was doing so at full speed when, unfortunately, the *Lackawanna* ran into the *Hartford* just forward of the mizzen-mast, cutting her down to within two feet of the water's edge. We soon got clear again, however, and were fast approaching our adversary, when she struck her colors and ran up the white flag.

She was at this time sore beset; the *Chickasaw* was pounding away at her stern, the *Ossipee* was approaching her at full speed, and the *Monongahela*, *Lackawanna*, and this ship were bearing down upon her, determined upon her destruction. Her smoke-stack had been shot away, her steer-

FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY

ing-chains were gone, compelling a resort to her relieving tackles, and several of her port shutters were jammed. Indeed, from the time the *Hartford* struck her, until her surrender, she never fired a gun. As the *Ossipee*, Commander Le Roy, was about to strike her, she hoisted the white flag, and the vessel immediately stopt her engine, tho not in time to avoid a glancing blow.

As I had an elevated position in the main rigging near the top, I was able to overlook not only the deck of the *Hartford*, but the other vessels."

"Of this "Farragut lasht to the mast" incident, Lloyd Farragut says: "While the movements of the *Tecumseh* are being eagerly watched by all in the fleet, let us turn to the scene on the flagship. On the poop-deck stands Captain Drayton. About him are the officers of the staff—Watson, Yates, McKinley, and Brownell—while Knowles, the signal-quartermaster, identified with the *Hartford*, attends to his duties. We must not forget the three old sailors at the wheel—McFarland, Wood, and Jassin. They have been in every engagement of the ship, and upon their coolness, in a great measure, depends its safety. And there stood the Admiral in the port main rigging, a few ratlins up, where he could see all about him, and at the same time converse with Jouett, who stood on the wheelhouse of the *Metacomet*, which was lasht alongside. Freeman, his trusty pilot, stood above him in the top. In contrast with this, the scene on deck, where the men worked their guns with a will, was one of animation. As the smoke increased and obscured his view, the Admiral, step by step, ascended the rigging, until he found himself partly above the futtock bands and holding on to the futtock shrouds. The watchful eye of Drayton detected his perilous position, and, fearing that some slight shock might precipitate him into the sea, he ordered Knowles to take up a line and make the Admiral's position more secure. Knowles says, in his simple narrative, 'I went up with a piece of lead-line, and made it fast to one of the forward shrouds, and then took it around the Admiral to the after shroud, making it fast there. The Admiral said, "Never mind, I am all right."'"

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

(1864)

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

We arrived about dark at Martinsburg, and there found the escort of three hundred men which I had ordered before leaving Cedar Creek. We spent that night at Martinsburg, and early next morning mounted and started up the Valley Pike for Winchester. . . .

As soon as we arrived at Colonel Edward's headquarters in the town, where I intended stopping for the night, I sent a courier to the front to bring me a report of the condition of affairs, and then took Colonel Alexander out on the heights about Winchester, in order that he might overlook the country, and make up his mind as to the utility of fortifying there. By the time we had completed our survey it was dark, and just as we reached Colonel Edwards's house on our return a courier came in from Cedar Creek bringing word that everything was all right, that the enemy was quiet at Fisher's Hill, and that a brigade of Grover's division was to make a reconnaissance in the morning, the 19th, so about 10 o'clock I went to bed greatly relieved, and expecting to rejoin my headquarters at my leisure next day.

¹ From Sheridan's "Personal Memoirs." By permission of the trustees of the estate of General Sheridan. Copyright, 1888. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Toward 6 o'clock the morning of the 19th, the officer on picket duty at Winchester came to my room, I being yet in bed, and reported artillery firing from the direction of Cedar Creek. I asked him if the firing was continuous or only desultory, to which he replied that it was not a sustained fire, but rather irregular and fitful. I remarked: "It's all right; Grover has gone out this morning to make a reconnaissance, and he is merely feeling the enemy." I tried to go to sleep again, but grew so restless that I could not, and soon got up and dressed myself. A little later the picket officer came back and reported that the firing, which could be distinctly heard from his line on the heights outside of Winchester, was still going on. I asked him if it sounded like a battle, and as he again said that it did not, I still inferred that the cannonading was caused by Grover's division banging away at the enemy simply to find out what he was up to. However, I went downstairs and requested that breakfast be hurried up, and at the same time ordered the horses to be saddled and in readiness, for I concluded to go to the front.

We mounted our horses between half-past 8 and 9, and as we were proceeding up the street which leads directly through Winchester, from the Logan residence, where Edwards was quartered, to the Valley Pike, I noticed that there were many women at the windows and doors of the houses, who kept shaking their skirts at us and who were otherwise markedly insolent in their demeanor, but supposing this conduct to be instigated by their well-known and perhaps natural prejudices, I ascribed to it no unusual significance.

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On reaching the edge of the town I halted a moment, and there heard quite distinctly the sound of artillery firing in an unceasing roar. Concluding from this that a battle was in progress, I now felt confident that the women along the street had received intelligence from the battle-field by the "grape-vine telegraph," and were in raptures over some good news, while I as yet was utterly ignorant of the actual situation. Moving on, I put my head down toward the pommel of my saddle and listened intently, trying to locate and interpret the sound, continuing in this position till we had crossed Mill Creek, about half a mile from Winchester. The result of my efforts in the interval was the conviction that the travel of the sound was increasing too rapidly to be accounted for by my own rate of motion, and that therefore my army must be falling back.

At Mill Creek my escort fell in behind, and we were going ahead at a regular pace, when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt but utterly demoralized, and baggage-wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion, telling only too plainly that a disaster had occurred at the front. On accosting some of the fugitives they assured me that the army was broken up, in full retreat, and that all was lost; all this with a manner true to that peculiar indifference that takes possession of panic-stricken men. I was greatly disturbed by the sight, but at once sent word to Colonel Edwards, commanding the brigade in Winchester, to stretch his troops across

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the valley, near Mill Creek, and stop all fugitives, directing also that the transportation be passed through and parked on the north side of the town.

About this time Colonel Wood, my chief commissary, arrived from the front and gave me fuller intelligence, reporting that everything was gone, my headquarters captured, and the troops dispersed. When I heard this I took two of my aides-de-camp, Major George A. Forsyth and Captain Joseph O'Keefe, and with twenty men from the escort started for the front, at the same time directing Colonel James W. Forsyth and Colonels Alexander and Thom to remain behind and do what they could to stop the runaways.

For a short distance I traveled on the road, but soon found it so blocked with wagons and wounded men that my progress was impeded, and I was forced to take to the adjoining fields to make haste. When most of the wagons and wounded were past I returned to the road, which was thickly lined with unhurt men, who, having got far enough to the rear to be out of danger, had halted, without any organization, and begun cooking coffee, but when they saw me they abandoned their coffee, threw up their hats, shouldered their muskets, and as I passed along turned to follow with enthusiasm and cheers. To acknowledge this exhibition of feeling I took off my hat, and with Forsyth and O'Keefe rode some distance in advance of my escort, while every mounted officer who saw me galloped out on either side of the pike to tell the men that I had come back.*

* Sheridan's "ride" has given birth to considerable literature on the subject, including T. Buchanan Read's poem, that has long been popular for recitation in schools.

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In this way the news was spread to the stragglers off the road, when they, too, turned their faces to the front and marched toward the enemy, changing in a moment from the depths of depression to the extreme of enthusiasm. I already knew that even in the ordinary condition of mind enthusiasm is a potent element with soldiers, but what I saw that day convinced me that if it can be excited from a state of despondency its power is almost irresistible.

My first halt was made just north of Newtown, where I met a chaplain digging his heels into the side of his jaded horse, and making for the rear with all possible speed. I drew up for an instant, and inquired of him how matters were going at the front. He replied, "Everything is lost; but all will be right when you get there"; yet notwithstanding this expression of confidence in me, the parson at once resumed his breathless pace to the rear. At Newtown I was obliged to make a circuit to the left, to get round the village. I could not pass through it, the streets were so crowded, but meeting on this detour Major McKinley,* of Crook's staff, he spread the news of my return through the motley throng there.

When nearing the Valley Pike, just south of Newtown I saw about three-fourths of a mile west of the pike a body of troops, which proved to be Ricketts's and Wheaton's divisions of the Sixth Corps, and then learned that the Nineteenth Corps had halted a little to the right and rear of these, but I did not stop, desiring to get to the extreme front. Continuing on parallel with the pike, about midway between Newtown and Mid-

* Afterward President McKinley.

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dletown I crossed to the west of it, and a little later came up in rear of Getty's division of the Sixth Corps. When I arrived, this division and the cavalry were the only troops in the presence of and resisting the enemy; they were apparently acting as a rear-guard at a point about three miles north of the line we held at Cedar Creek when the battle began.

General Torbert was the first officer to meet me, saying as he rode up, "My God! I am glad you've come." Getty's division, when I found it, was about a mile north of Middletown, posted on the reverse slope of some slightly rising ground, holding a barricade made with fence-rails, and skirmishing slightly with the enemy's pickets. Jumping my horse over the line of rails, I rode to the crest of the elevation, and there taking off my hat, the men rose up from behind their barricade with cheers of recognition. . . .

All this had consumed a great deal of time, and I concluded to visit again the point to the east of the Valley Pike, from where I had first observed the enemy, to see what he was doing. Arrived there, I could plainly see him getting ready for attack, and Major Forsyth now suggested that it would be well to ride along the line of battle before the enemy assailed us, for altho the troops had learned of my return, but few of them had seen me. Following his suggestion I started in behind the men, but when a few paces had been taken I crossed to the front and, hat in hand, passed along the entire length of the infantry line; and it is from this circumstance that many of the officers and men who then received me with such heartiness have since supposed that that was

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my first appearance on the field. But at least two hours had elapsed since I reached the ground, for it was after midday when the incident of riding down the front took place, and I arrived not later, certainly, than half past 10 o'clock.

After rearranging the line and preparing to attack I returned again to observe the Confederates, who shortly began to advance on us. The attacking columns did not cover my entire front, and it appeared that their onset would be mainly directed against the Nineteenth Corps, so, fearing that they might be too strong for Emory on account of his depleted condition (many of his men not having had time to get up from the rear), and Getty's division being free from assault, I transferred a part of it from the extreme left to the support of the Nineteenth Corps. The assault was quickly repulsed by Emory, however, and as the enemy fell back Getty's troops were returned to their original place. This repulse of the Confederates made me feel pretty safe from further offensive operations on their part, and I now decided to suspend the fighting till my thin ranks were further strengthened by the men who were continually coming up from the rear, and particularly till Crook's troops could be assembled on the extreme left. . . .

Between half past 3 and 4 o'clock, I was ready to assail, and decided to do so by advancing my infantry line in a swinging movement, so as to gain the Valley Pike with my right between Middletown and the Belle Grove House; and when the order was passed along, the men pushed steadily forward with enthusiasm and confidence. General Early's troops extended some little distance be-

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yond our right, and when my flank neared the overlapping enemy, he turned on it, with the effect of causing a momentary confusion, but General McMillan, quickly realizing the danger, broke the Confederates at the reentering angle by a counter-charge with his brigade, doing his work so well that the enemy's flanking troops were cut off from their main body and left to shift for themselves.

Custer, who was just then moving in from the west side of Middle Marsh Brook, followed McMillan's timely blow with a charge of cavalry, but before starting out on it, and while his men were forming, riding at full speed himself, to throw his arms around my neck. By the time he had disengaged himself from this embrace, the troops broken by McMillan had gained some little distance to their rear, but Custer's troopers sweeping across the Middletown meadows and down toward Cedar Creek, took many of them prisoners before they could reach the stream—so I forgave his delay.

My whole line as far as the eye could see was now driving everything before it, from behind trees, stone walls, and all such sheltering obstacles, so I rode toward the left to ascertain how matters were getting on there. . . .

Meanwhile Lowell's² brigade of cavalry, which, had been holding on, dismounted, just north of Middletown ever since the time I arrived from Winchester, fell to the rear for the purpose of

² The husband of Josephine Shaw Lowell, Charles Russell Lowell, a graduate of Harvard, who served with McClellan in the Peninsular campaign, and in the Shenandoah Valley with Sheridan. He became a brigadier-general in October, 1864, a few days before he was killed at Cedar Creek.

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getting their led horses. A momentary panic was created in the nearest brigade of infantry by this withdrawal of Lowell, but as soon as his men were mounted they charged the enemy clear up to the stone walls in the edge of Middletown; at sight of this the infantry brigade renewed its attack, and the enemy's right gave way. The accomplished Lowell received his death-wound in this courageous charge.

All our troops were now moving on the retreating Confederates, and as I rode to the front Colonel Gibbs, who succeeded Lowell, made ready for another mounted charge, but I checked him from pressing the enemy's right, in the hope that the swinging attack from my right would throw most of the Confederates to the east of the Valley Pike, and hence off their line of retreat through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill. The eagerness of the men soon frustrated this anticipation, however, the left insisting on keeping pace with the center and right, and all pushing ahead till we regained our old camps at Cedar Creek.

Beyond Cedar Creek, at Strasburg, the pike makes a sharp turn to the west toward Fisher's Hill, and here Merritt, uniting with Custer, they together fell on the flank of the retreating columns, taking many prisoners, wagons, and guns, among the prisoners being Major-General Ramseur, who, mortally wounded, died the next day. . . .

The direct result of the battle was the recapture of all the artillery, transportation, and camp equipage we had lost, and in addition twenty-four pieces of the enemy's artillery, twelve hundred prisoners, and a number of battle-flags. But more still flowed from this victory, succeeding as

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it did the disaster of the morning, for the reoccupation of our old camps at once reestablished a *morale*, which for some hours had been greatly endangered by ill-fortune.

It was not till after the battle that I learned fully what had taken place before my arrival, and then found that the enemy, having gathered all the strength he could through the return of convalescents and other absentees, had moved quietly from Fisher's Hill, in the night of the 18th and early on the morning of the 19th, to surprize my army, which, it should be remembered, was posted on the north bank of Cedar Creek, Crook holding on the left of the Valley Pike, with Thoburn's division advanced toward the creek, and Duval's (under Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes*) and Kitching's provisional divisions to the north and rear of Thoburn.

* Afterward President.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE SOUTH IN THE LAST YEARS OF THE WAR

(1863—1865)

BY MARY BOYKIN CHESNUT¹

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 28, 1863.—I gave a party; Mrs. Davis very witty; Preston girls very handsome; Isabella's fun fast and furious. No party could have gone off more successfully, but my husband decides we are to have no more festivities. This is not the time, or the place, for such gaieties. Maria Freeland is perfectly delightful on the subject of her wedding. Lucy Haxall is positively engaged to Captain Coffey, an Englishman. She is convinced that she will marry him. He is her first fancy. Mr. Venable, of Lee's staff, was at our party, so out of spirits. He knows everything that is going on. His depression bodes us no good. To-day, General Hampton sent James Chesnut a fine saddle that he had captured from the Yankees in battle array. Charleston is bombarded night and day. It fairly makes me dizzy to think of that everlasting racket they are beating about people's ears down there. Bragg defeated, and separated from Longstreet. It is a long street that knows no turning, and Rosecrans is not taken after all.

¹ From Mrs. Chesnut's "Diary from Dixie." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. Copyright 1905.

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Nov. 30.—Anxiety pervades. Lee is fighting Meade.* Misery is everywhere. Bragg is falling back before Grant. Longstreet, the soldiers call him Peter the Slow, is settling down before Knoxville. And now I am in a fine condition for Hetty Cary's starvation party, where they will give thirty dollars for the music and not a cent for a morsel to eat. My husband bought yesterday at the commissary's one barrel of flour, one bushel of potatoes, one peck of rice, five pounds of salt beef, and one peck of salt—all for sixty dollars. In the street a barrel of flour sells for one hundred and fifteen dollars. Spent seventy-five dollars to-day for a little tea and sugar, and have five hundred left. My husband's pay never has paid for the rent of our lodgings. My husband laid the law down last night. I felt it to be the last drop in my full cup. "No more feasting in this house," said he. "This is no time for junketing and merrymaking." "And you said you brought me here to enjoy the winter before you took me home and turned my face to a dead wall." He is the master of the house; to hear is to obey.

Sunday, Christopher Hampton walked to church with me. Coming out, General Lee was seen slowly making his way down the aisle, bowing royally to right and left. I pointed him out to Christopher Hampton when General Lee happened to look our way. He bowed low, giving me a charming smile of recognition. I was ashamed of being so pleased. I blushed like a schoolgirl.

We went to the White House. They gave us

* At Mine Run, Orange County, Virginia, where Meade retired after some desultory fighting. The battle of Gettysburg had occurred in July of this year.

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tea. The President said he had been on the way to our house, coming with all the Davis family, to see me, but the children became so troublesome they turned back. Just then, little Joe³ rushed in and insisted on saying his prayers at his father's knee, then and there. He was in his night-clothes.

December 19th.—A box has come from home for me. Taking advantage of this good fortune and a full larder, have asked Mrs. Davis to dine with me. Wade Hampton sent me a basket of game. We had Mrs. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Preston. After dinner we walked to the church to see the Freeland-Lewis wedding. Mr. Preston had Mrs. Davis on his arm. My husband and Mrs. Preston, and Burton Harrison⁴ and myself brought up the rear. Willie Allan joined us, and we had the pleasure of waiting one good hour. Then the beautiful Maria, loveliest of brides, sailed in on her father's arm, and Major John Coxe Lewis followed with Mrs. Freeland. After the ceremony such a kissing was there up and down the aisle.

Christmas Day.—Yesterday dined with the Prestons. Wore one of my handsomest Paris dresses (from Paris before the war). Three mag-

³ "Little Joe" was Jefferson Davis's son, much petted in Confederate society at Richmond. A few weeks after this incident he fell from an upper window in his father's house and was killed.

⁴ Burton N. Harrison was Davis's private secretary. After the war he settled in New York to practise law, and became the father of Francis Burton Harrison, who has served several terms in Congress. His wife was Constance Cary, whose name appears often in Mrs. Chesnut's "Diary." In later years Constance Cary Harrison became widely known as the author of successful novels.

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nificent Kentucky generals were present, with Senator Orr from South Carolina, and Mr. Miles. Others dropt in after dinner; some without arms, some without legs; von Boreke, who can not speak because of a wound in his throat. Isabella said: "We have all kinds now, but a blind one." Poor fellows, they laugh at wounds. "And they yet can show many a scar." We had for dinner oyster soup, besides roast mutton, ham, boned turkey, wild duck, partridge, plum pudding, sauterne, burgundy, sherry, and Madeira. There is life in the old land yet!

My husband says I am extravagant. "No, my friend, not that," said I. "I had fifteen hundred dollars and I have spent every cent of it in my housekeeping. Not one cent for myself, not one cent for dress, nor any personal want whatever." He calls me "hospitality run mad."

To-day, for a pair of forlorn shoes I have paid \$85. Colonel Ives drew my husband's pay for me. I sent Lawrence for it (Mr. Chesnut ordered him back to us; we needed a man servant here). Colonel Ives wrote that he was amazed I should be willing to trust a darky with that great bundle of money, but it came safely. Mr. Petigru says you take your money to market in the market-basket, and bring home what you buy in your pocket-book. . . .

January 18.—Lamar⁵ was asked to dinner here yesterday; so he came to-day. We had our wild turkey cooked for him yesterday, and I drest my-

⁵ L. Q. C. Lamar, afterward a member of Congress and United States Senator from Mississippi, and a member of Cleveland's Cabinet. He died a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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self within an inch of my life with the best of my four-year-old finery. Two of us, my husband and I, did not damage the wild turkey seriously. So Lamar enjoyed the *réchauffé*, and commended the art with which Molly had hid the slight loss we had inflicted upon its mighty breast. She had piled fried oysters over the turkey so skilfully, that unless we had told about it, no one would ever have known that the huge bird was making his second appearance on the board. Lamar was more absent-minded and distrait than ever. My husband behaved like a trump—a well-bred man, with all his wits about him; so things went off smoothly enough.

January 25.—The President walked home with me from church (I was to dine with Mrs. Davis). He walked so fast I had no breath to talk; so I was a good listener for once. The truth is I am too much afraid of him to say very much in his presence. We had such a nice dinner. After dinner Hood came for a ride with the President.

February 9.—This party for Johnny was the very nicest I have ever had, and I mean it to be my last. I sent word to the Carys to bring their own men. They came alone, saying, "they did not care for men." "That means a raid on ours," growled Isabella. Mr. Lamar was devoted to Constance Cary. He is a free lance; so that created no heart-burning. Afterward, when the whole thing was over, and a success, the lights put out, etc., here trooped in the four girls, who stayed all night with me. In dressing-gowns they stirred up a hot fire, relit the gas, and went in for their supper; *réchauffé* was the word, oysters, hot coffee, etc. They kept it up till daylight. Isa-

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bella says that war leads to love-making. She says these soldiers do more courting here in a day than they would do at home, without a war, in ten years. In the pauses of conversation, we hear, "She is the noblest woman God ever made!" "Goodness!" exclaims Isabella. "Which one?" The amount of courting we hear in these small rooms. Men have to go to the front, and they say their say desperately. I am beginning to know all about it. The girls tell me.

February 23d.—At the President's, where General Lee breakfasted, a man named Phelan told General Lee all he ought to do; planned a campaign for him. General Lee smiled blandly the while, tho he did permit himself a mild sneer at the wise civilians in Congress who refrained from trying the battle-field in person, but from afar dictated the movements of armies.

February 26th.—We went to see Mrs. Breckenridge, who is here with her husband. Then we paid our respects to Mrs. Lee.⁶ Her room was like an industrial school; everybody so busy. Her daughters were all three plying their needles, with several other ladies. Mrs. Lee showed us a beautiful sword, recently sent to the General by some Marylanders, now in Paris. On the blade was engraved, "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera.*" When we came out some one said, "Did you see how the Lees spend their time? What a rebuke to the taffy parties!"

March 11th.—Letters from home, including one from my husband's father, now over ninety, written with his own hand, and certainly in his own

⁶ Mrs. Robert E. Lee, wife of the General.

⁷ This is the sword that Lee wore at the time of the surrender at Appomattox.

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mind still. I quote: "Bad times; worse coming. Starvation stares me in the face. Neither John's nor James's overseer will sell me any corn." Now, what has the Government to do with the fact that, on all his plantations, he made corn enough to last for the whole year, and by the end of January his negroes had stolen it all? Poor old man, he has fallen on evil days, after a long life of ease and prosperity.

March 12th.—Somebody counted fourteen generals in church to-day, and suggested that less piety and more drilling of commands would suit the times better. There were Lee, Longstreet, Morgan, Hoke, Clingman, Whiting, Pegram, Elzey, Gordon, and Bragg.

March 15th.—Old Mrs. Chesnut is dead. A saint is gone and James Chesnut is broken-hearted. He adored his mother. I gave \$375 for my mourning, which consists of a black alpaca dress and a crape veil. With bonnet, gloves, and all it came to \$500. Before the blockade such things as I have would not have been thought fit for a chambermaid. Everybody is in trouble. Mrs. Davis says paper money has depreciated so much in value that they can not live within their income; so they are going to dispense with their carriage and horses.

Yesterday, we went to the Capitol grounds to see our returned prisoners. We walked slowly up and down until Jeff Davis was called upon to speak. There I stood, almost touching the bayonets when he left me. I looked straight into the prisoners' faces, poor fellows. They cheered with all their might, and I wept for sympathy, and enthusiasm. I was deeply moved. These men

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were so forlorn, so dried up, and shrunken, with such a strange look in some of their eyes; others so restless and wild-looking; others again placidly vacant, as if they had been dead to the world for years.

April 1st.—Mrs. Davis is utterly deprest. She said the fall of Richmond must come; she would send her children to me and Mrs. Preston. We begged her to come to us also. My husband is as deprest as I ever knew him to be. He has felt the death of that angel mother of his keenly, and now he takes his country's wo to heart.

CAMDEN, S. C., May 8, 1864.—My friends crowded around me so in those last days in Richmond, I forgot the affairs of this nation utterly; tho I did show faith in my Confederate country by buying poor Bones's (my English maid's) Confederate bonds. I gave her gold thimbles, bracelets; whatever was gold and would sell in New York or London, I gave. My friends grieved that I had to leave them—not half so much, however, as I did that I must come away. Those last weeks were so pleasant. No battle, no murder, no sudden death, all went merry as a marriage bell. Clever, cordial, kind, brave friends rallied around me.

It is sad enough at Mulberry without old Mrs. Chesnut, who was the good genius of the place. It is so lovely here in spring. The giants of the forest—the primeval oaks, water-oaks, willow-oaks, such as I have not seen since I left here—with opopanax, violets, roses, and yellow jessamine. The air is laden with perfume. Araby the Blest was never sweeter. Inside, creature comforts of all kinds—green peas, strawberries, asparagus,

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spring lamb, spring chicken, fresh eggs, rich, yellow butter, clean white linen for one's beds, dazzling white damask for one's table. It is such a contrast to Richmond, where I wish I were.

September 19th.—My pink silk dress I have sold for \$600, to be paid in instalments, two hundred a month for three months. And I sell my eggs and butter from home for two hundred dollars a month. Does it not sound well—four hundred dollars a month regularly. But in what? In Confederate money. Hélas!

A thousand dollars have slipped through my fingers already this week. At the commissary's I spent five hundred to-day for candles, sugar, and a lamp, etc. Tallow candles are bad enough, but of them there seems to be an end, too. Now we are restricted to smoky, terrabine lamps—terrabine is a preparation of turpentine. When the chimney of the lamp cracks, as crack it will, we plaster up the place with paper, thick old letter-paper, preferring the highly glazed kind. In the hunt for paper queer old letters come to light.

Sherman is thundering at Augusta's very doors. My General was on the wing, somber, and full of care. The girls are merry enough; the staff, who fairly live here, no better. Cassandra, with a black shawl over her head, is chased by the gay crew from sofa to sofa, for she avoids them, being full of miserable anxiety. There is nothing but distraction and confusion.

We have lost nearly all of our men, and we have no money, and it looks as if we had taught the Yankees how to fight since Manassas. Our best and bravest are under the sod; we should have to wait till another generation grows up.

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Here we stand, despair in our hearts ("Oh, Cassandra, don't!" shouts Isabella), with our houses burning, or about to be, over our heads. The North have just got things ship-shape; a splendid army, perfectly disciplined, with new levies coming in day and night. Their gentry do not go into the ranks. They hardly know there is war up there.

Serena's account of money spent: Paper and envelopes, \$12.00; tickets to concert, \$10.00; tooth-brush, \$10.00; total, \$32.00. . . . To-day Mrs. McCord exchanged \$16,000 in Confederate bills for \$300 in gold—sixteen thousand for three hundred.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., February 16, 1865.—A change has come o'er the spirit of my dreams. Dear old quire of yellow, coarse, Confederate home-made paper, here you are again. An age of anxiety and suffering has passed over my head since last I wrote and wept over your forlorn pages. My husband urged me to go home. He said Camden would be safe enough. They had no spite against that old town, as they had against Charleston and Columbia. My husband does not care a fig for the property question, and never did. Perhaps, if he had ever known poverty, it would be different. He talked beautifully about it, as he always does about everything. I have told him often that, if at Heaven's gate St. Peter would listen to him a while, and let him tell his own story, he would get in, and the angels might give him a crown extra. Now he says he has only one care—that I should be safe, and not so harassed with dread; and then there is his blind old father. "A man," said he, "can always die like a patriot and a gentleman, with no fuss, and take it coolly. It is hard not to

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envy those who are out of all this, their difficulties ended—those who have met death gloriously on the battle-field, their doubts all solved. One can but do his best and leave the result to a higher power.”

CHESTER, S. C., March 21, 1865.—Another flitting has occurred. As the train rattled and banged along, and I waved my handkerchief in farewell to Miss Middleton, Isabella, and other devoted friends, I could only wonder if fate would ever throw me again, with such kind, clever, agreeable, congenial companions? The McLeans refused to be paid for their rooms. No plummet can sound the depths of the hospitality and kindness of the North Carolina people.

April 7th.—Richmond has fallen, and I have no heart to write about it. Grant broke through our lines and Sherman cut through them. Stoneman is this side of Danville. They are too many for us. Everything is lost in Richmond, even our archives. Blue-black is our horizon. Hood says we shall all be obliged to go West—to Texas, I mean, for our own part of the country will be overrun. Yes, a solitude and a wild waste it may become, but, as to that, we can rough it in the bush at home. . . .

April 22.—It has been a wild three days, with aides galloping around with messages, Yankees hanging over us like a sword of Damocles. We have been in queer straits. We sat up at Mrs. Bedon's drest, without once going to bed for forty-eight hours.

CAMDEN, S. C., May 2, 1865.—Since we left Chester nothing but solitude, nothing but tall, blackened chimneys, to show that any man has

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ever trod this road before. This is Sherman's track. It is hard not to curse him. I wept incessantly at first. The roses of the gardens are already hiding the ruins. My husband said Nature is a wonderful renovator. He tried to say something else and then I shut my eyes and made a vow that if we were a crushed people, crushed by weight, I would never be a whimpering, pining slave. When we crossed the river coming home, the ferryman at Chesnut's Ferry asked for his fee. Among us all we could not muster the small silver coin he demanded. There was poverty for you.

May 18th.—A feeling of sadness hovers over me now, day and night, which no words of mine can express. There is a chance for plenty of character study in this Mulberry house, if one only had the heart for it. Colonel Chesnut, now ninety-three, blind and deaf, is apparently as strong as ever, and certainly as resolute of will. Partly patriarch, partly grand seigneur, this old man is of a species that we shall see no more—the last of a race of lordly planters who ruled this Southern world, but now a splendid wreck. His manners are unequalled still, but underneath this smooth exterior lies the grip of a tyrant whose will has never been crossed. I will not attempt what Lord Byron says he could not do, but must quote again: "Everybody knows a gentleman when he sees him. I have never met a man who could describe one." We have had three very distinct specimens of the genus in his house—three generations of gentlemen, each utterly different from the other—father, son, and grandson.

African Scipio walks at Colonel Chesnut's side.

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He is six feet two, a black Hercules, and as gentle as a dove in all his dealings with the blind old master, who boldly strides forward, striking with his stick to feel where he is going. Sometimes this old man will stop himself, just as he is going off in a fury, because they try to prevent his attempting some feat impossible in his condition of lost faculties. He will ask gently, "I hope that I never say or do anything unseemly! Sometimes I think I am subject to mental aberrations." At every footfall he calls out, "Who goes there?" If a lady's name is given, he uncovers and stands, with hat off, until she passes. He still has the old-world art of bowing low and gracefully.

Colonel Chesnut came of a race that would brook no interference with their own sweet will by man, woman, or devil. But then such manners has he, they would clear any man's character, if it needed it. Mrs. Chesnut, his wife, used to tell us that when she met him at Princeton,⁸ in the nineties of the eighteenth century, they called him "the Young Prince."

⁸ Princeton, New Jersey, where Mr. Chesnut was educated. His wife was from Philadelphia.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND

(1865)

BY HORACE GREELEY AND EDWARD
A. POLLARD¹

Petersburg was still held by the rebel army; but Lee saw that it could not be held much longer. His heavy losses—by this time exceeding 10,000 men—and the utter demolition of his right, rendered it morally certain that to hold on was to insure the capture or destruction of his army; and well he knew that his veterans were the last hope of the Rebellion. For Grant was now at liberty to throw forward his left to the Appomattox; while it was morally certain that his cavalry would soon clutch the railroad junction at Burkesville, which had now become the jugular vein of the gasping Confederacy. At 10.30 A. M., therefore, he telegraphed to Davis in Richmond a dispatch, containing very nearly these words:

“My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening.”

That message found Mr. Davis, at 11 A. M., in church, where it was handed to him, amid an awful hush; and he immediately went quietly, soberly out—never to return as President of the Confederacy. No word was spoken; but the whole assemblage *felt* that the missive he had so hastily perused bore words of doom. Tho the hand-

¹ From Greeley's "American Conflict."

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writing was not blazoned on the wall, it needed no Daniel to declare its import.

But no one can duly depict that last afternoon and night of Confederate rule in Richmond but an eye-witness: so let Pollard^a narrate for us the visible collapse and fall of the Slave Power in its chosen metropolis. After stating how, upon Mr. Davis's withdrawal from church, "the rumor was caught up in the streets that Richmond was to be evacuated, and was soon carried to the ends of the city," he proceeds:

"Men, women, and children rushed from the churches, passing from lip to lip news of the impending fall of Richmond. And yet, it was difficult to believe it. To look up to the calm, beautiful sky of that spring day, unassailed by one single noise of battle, to watch the streets, unvexed by artillery or troops, stretching away into the quiet, hazy atmosphere, and believe that the capital of the Confederacy, so peaceful, so apparently secure, was in a few hours to be the prey of the enemy, and to be wrapt in the infernal horrors of a conflagration!

"It was late in the afternoon when the signs of evacuation became apparent to the incredulous. Wagons on the streets were being hastily loaded at the departments with boxes, trunks, etc., and driven to the Danville depot. Those who had determined to evacuate with the fugitive government looked on with amazement; then, convinced of the fact, rushed to follow the government's example. Vehicles suddenly rose to a premium value that was astounding; and ten, fifteen, and even a hundred dollars, in gold or Federal currency, was

^a The author of "The Lost Cause."

THE FALL OF RICHMOND

offered for a conveyance. Suddenly, as if by magic, the streets became filled with men, walking as tho for a wager, and behind them excited negroes with trunks, bundles, and luggage of every description. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, handboxes, and their owners, a mass of hurrying fugitives, filling the streets. The banks were all open, and depositors were as busy as bees removing their specie deposits; and the directors were equally active in getting off their bullion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of paper money was destroyed, both State and Confederate. Night came; and with it came confusion worse confounded. There was no sleep for human eyes in Richmond that night.

"The City Council had met in the evening and resolved to destroy all the liquor in the city, to avoid the disorder consequent on the temptation to drink at such a time. About the hour of midnight the work commenced, under the direction of committees of citizens in all the wards. Hundreds of barrels of liquor were rolled into the street, and the heads knocked in. The gutters ran with a liquor freshet, and the fumes filled and impregnated the air. Fine cases of bottled liquors were tossed into the street from third-story windows, and wrecked into a thousand pieces. As the work progressed, some straggling soldiers, retreating through the city, managed to get hold of a quantity of the liquor. From that moment law and order ceased to exist. Many of the stores were pillaged; and the sidewalks were encumbered with broken glass, where the thieves had smashed the windows in their reckless haste to lay hands on the plunder within. The air was filled with

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wild cries of distress, or the yells of roving pillagers.

"But a more terrible element was to appear upon the scene. An order had been issued from General Ewell's headquarters to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses of the city—namely, the public warehouse, situated at the head of the basin, near the Petersburg railroad depot; Shockoe warehouse, situated near the center of the city, side by side with the Gallego flour-mills; Mayo's warehouse, and Dibrell's warehouse, on Cary Street, a square below Libby prison.

"Morning broke upon a scene such as those who witnessed it can never forget. The roar of an immense conflagration sounded in their ears; tongues of flame leapt from street to street; and in this baleful glare were to be seen, as of demons, the figures of busy plunderers, moving, pushing, rioting, through the black smoke and into the open street, bearing away every conceivable sort of plunder.

"The scene at the commissary depot, at the head of the dock, beggared description. Hundreds of government wagons were loaded with bacon, flour, and whisky, and driven off in hot haste to join the retreating army. Thronging about the depot were hundreds of men, women, and children, black and white, provided with capacious bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, tin pans, and aprons; cursing, pushing, and crowding; awaiting the throwing open of the doors, and the order for each to help himself.

"About sunrise the doors were opened to the populace; and a rush that almost seemed to carry the building off its foundation was made, and

THE FALL OF RICHMOND

hundreds of thousands of pounds of bacon, flour, etc., were soon swept away by a clamorous crowd."

Our lines opposite Richmond—that is, north of the James—had been held since Ord's withdrawal southward, by General Godfrey Weitzel, with Kautz's division of the Twenty-fourth and Ashborne's and Thomas's divisions of the Twenty-fifth Corps, under instructions from Grant to make the utmost show of strength and purpose to assault, so as to keep the enemy here in force, while the bulk of our army should be flanking and fighting him out of Petersburg. These instructions had been faithfully, efficiently obeyed; tho Longstreet, confronting Weitzel, had at length suspected the true character of Grant's strategy, and had himself, with a part of his force, moved southward to the help of Lee at Petersburg. Weitzel, however, persisted in speaking daggers, but using none; and, throughout the memorable Sunday evening of the rebel hegira, tho his guns were silent, his bands were vocal far into the night, treating our friends behind the opposite entrenchments with variations and iterations of "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," in utter disregard of Shakespeare's dictum averring a natural antagonism between Treason and Melody. No one on our side seems to have suspected that the rebel soldiery were even then stealthily withdrawing from their works in our front, preparatory to hastening after their comrades who had already filed hurriedly and dolefully out of the opposite portals of Richmond. . . .

The rebel defenses appeared to have been,

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while manned, almost impregnable. Two separate lines of abatis, three lines of rifle-pits and earth-works—the first and second connected by regular lines of redans—with a fort or very strong earth-work on every elevation—such were a part of the impediments which had so long kept our soldiers out of Richmond. If one of these lines had been carried, it was completely commanded by that next behind it; so that our loss while holding it must have been ten to one; while to advance and storm the next barrier must, for the moment, have involved still greater prodigality of life. Yet these works our troops had lain down the previous night expecting to assail at daybreak in the morning. . . .

Before noon of that day the news of Richmond's fall had been flashed across the loyal States, and it was soon confirmed by telegrams from President Lincoln, then at City Point, and from the Secretary of War at Washington. In New York an impromptu gathering of many thousands immediately filled Wall Street, and listened, with cheers and thanksgiving to dispatches, addresses, etc.; while the bells of Trinity and St. Paul's chimed melodiously with the general joy and praise. So in Washington and other great cities, the popular feeling of relief and gratitude found many modes of expression, wherein the readers of next day's journals will detect no unmanly exultation over the fallen, and scarcely a word bespeaking wrath or bitterness, or demanding vengeful inflictions on those whose unhallowed ambition had so long divided, so widely devastated, and so nearly destroyed, the republic.

THE LAST STAND BY LEE'S ARMY

(1865)

BY GEN. JOHN B. GORDON¹

On the evening of April 8th, this little army, with its ammunition nearly exhausted, was confronted by the forces of General Grant, which had been thrown across our line of retreat at Appomattox. Then came the last sad Confederate council of war. It was called by Lee to meet at night. It met in the woods at his headquarters and by a low-burning bivouac-fire. There was no tent there, no table, no chairs, and no camp-stools. On blankets spread upon the ground or on saddles at the roots of the trees we sat around the great commander. A painter's brush might transfer to canvas the physical features of that scene, but no tongue or pen will ever be able to describe the unutterable anguish of Lee's commanders as they looked into the clouded face of their beloved leader and sought to draw from it some ray of hope.

There were present at this final council the general-in-chief, the commander of his artillery,

¹From General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright 1908. General Gordon, a native of Georgia, entered the Confederate army as a captain in 1861, and rose to be a lieutenant-general. He commanded one wing of General Lee's army at the time of the surrender. After the war he served two terms in the United States Senate, and one term as Governor of Georgia.

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General Pendleton; General Fitzhugh Lee, who in the absence of Wade Hampton commanded the cavalry, and General Longstreet and myself, commanding all that was left of his immortal infantry. These fragments of each arm of the service still represented the consecration and courage that had made Lee's army, at the meridian of its power, almost invincible.

The numbers and names of the staff officers who were present I can not now recall; and it would be as impossible to give the words that were spoken or the suggestions that were made as it would to photograph the thoughts and emotions of that soldier group gathered at Lees' last bivouac. The letters of General Grant asking surrender, and the replies thereto, evoked a discussion as to the fate of the Southern people and the condition in which the failure of our cause would leave them. There was also some discussion as to the possibility of forcing a passage through Grant's lines and saving a small portion of the army, and continuing a desultory warfare until the Government at Washington should grow weary and grant to our people peace, and the safeguard of local self-government. If all that was said and felt at that meeting could be given it would make a volume of measureless pathos. In no hour of the great war did General Lee's masterful characteristics appear to me so conspicuous as they did in that last council. We knew by our own aching hearts that his was breaking. Yet he commanded himself, and stood calmly facing and discussing the long-dreaded and inevitable.

It was finally determined that with Fitz Lee's cavalry, my infantry, and Long's artillery, under

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Colonel Thomas H. Carter, we should attempt at daylight the next morning to cut through Grant's lines. Longstreet was to follow in support of the movement. The utmost that could be hoped for was that we might reach the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee with a remnant of the army, and ultimately join General Johnston. . . .

The audacious movement of our troops was begun at dawn. The dashing cavalry leader, Fitzhugh Lee, swept through the Union left flank, while the infantry and artillery attacked the front. I take especial pride in recording the fact that this last charge of the war was made by the foot-sore and starving men of my command with a spirit worthy the best days of Lee's army. The Union breastworks were carried. Two pieces of artillery were captured. The Federals were driven from all that portion of the field, and the brave boys in tattered gray cheered as their battle-flags waved in triumph on that last morning.

The Confederate battle-lines were still advancing when I discovered a heavy column of Union infantry coming from the right and upon my rear. I gathered around me my sharpshooters, who were now held for such emergencies, and directed Colonel Thomas H. Carter, of the artillery, to turn all his guns upon the advancing column. It was held at bay by his shrapnel, grape, and canister. While the Confederate infantry and cavalry were thus fighting at the front, and the artillery was checking the development of Federal forces around my right and rear, Longstreet was assailed by other portions of the Federal army. He was so hardly prest that he could not join, as contemplated, in the effort to break the cordon of men and metal

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around us. At this critical juncture a column of Union cavalry appeared on the hills to my left, headed for the broad space between Longstreet's command and mine. In a few minutes that body of Federal cavalry would not only have seized the trains but cut off all communication between the two wings of Lee's army and rendered its capture inevitable. I therefore detached a brigade to double-quick and intercept this Federal force.

Such was the situation, its phases rapidly shifting and growing more intensely thrilling at each moment, when I received a significant inquiry from General Lee. It was borne by Colonel Charles S. Venable, of his staff, afterward the chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia. The commander wished me to report at once as to the conditions on my portion of the field, what progress I was making, and what encouragement I could give. I said: "Tell General Lee that my command has been fought to a frazzle, and unless Longstreet can unite in the movement, or prevent these forces from coming upon my rear, I can not long go forward." . . .

When General Lee received my message he said: "There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths." My troops were still fighting, furiously fighting in nearly every direction, when the final note from General Lee reached me. It notified me that there was a flag of truce between General Grant and himself, stopping hostilities, and that I could communicate that fact to the commander of the Union forces in my front. . . . Colonel Peyton soon informed me that we had no flag of truce. I said: "Well, take your handkerchief and

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tie that on a stick, and go." He felt in his pocket and said, "General, I have no handkerchief." "Then tear your shirt, sir, and tie that to a stick." He looked at his shirt, and then at mine, and said, "General, I have on a flannel shirt, and I see you have. I don't believe there is a white shirt in the army." "Get something, sir," I ordered. "Get something and go!"

He secured a rag of some sort, and rode rapidly away in search of General Ord. He did not find Ord, but he found Sheridan, and returned to me accompanied by an officer of strikingly picturesque appearance. This Union officer was slender and graceful, and a superb rider. He wore his hair very long, falling almost to his shoulders. Guided by my staff-officer, he galloped to where I was sitting on my horse, and, with faultless grace and courtesy, saluted me with his sabre and said:

"I am General Custer, and bear a message to you from General Sheridan. The General desires me to present to you his compliments, and to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of all the troops under your command." I replied, "You will please, General, return my compliments to General Sheridan, and say to him that I shall not surrender my command." "He directs me to say to you, General, if there is any hesitation about your surrender, that he has you surrounded and can annihilate your command in an hour."

To this I answered that I was probably as well aware of my situation as was General Sheridan; that I had nothing to add to my message informing him of the contents of the note from General Lee; that if General Sheridan decided to continue

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the fighting in the face of the flag of truce, the responsibility for the blood shed would be his and not mine.

In a short time thereafter a white flag was seen approaching. Under it was Philip Sheridan, accompanied by a mounted escort almost as large as one of Fitz Lee's regiments. Sheridan was mounted on an enormous horse, a very handsome animal. The meeting of Lee and Grant, and the impressive formalities which followed, put an end to the interview, and we parted without the slightest breach of strict military courtesy. . . .

When the proud and sensitive sons of Dixie came to a full realization of the truth that the Confederacy was overthrown and their leader had been compelled to surrender his once invincible army, they could no longer control their emotions, and tears ran like water down their shrunk faces. The flags which they still carried were objects of undisguised affection. These Southern banners had gone down before overwhelming numbers; and torn by shells, riddled by bullets, and laden with the powder and smoke of battle, they aroused intense emotion in the men who so often followed them to victory. Yielding to overpowering sentiment, these high-mettled men began to tear the flags from the staffs and hide them in their bosoms, as they wet them with burning tears.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE

(1865)

BY GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE¹

A white flag went out from the Southern ranks, the firing ceased; the war in Virginia was over. Colonel Babcock, the bearer of General Grant's last note, found General Lee near Appomattox Court House, lying under an apple tree upon a blanket spread on some rails, from which circumstance the widespread report originated that the surrender took place under an apple tree.

General Lee, Colonel Marshall of his staff, Colonel Babcock of General Grant's, and a mounted orderly rode to the village, and found Mr. Wilmer McLean, a resident, who, upon being told that General Lee wanted the use of a room in some house, conducted the party to his dwelling, a comfortable two-story brick, with a porch in front running the length of the house. General Lee was ushered into the room on the left of the hall as you enter, and about one o'clock was joined by General Grant, his staff, and Generals Sheridan and Ord. Grant sat at a marble-topped table in

¹From Lee's "Life of Robert E. Lee." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. Copyright 1894. Fitzhugh Lee was a nephew of Robert E. Lee, a graduate of West Point, and a cavalry commander during all the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. After the war he became Governor of Virginia and later United States Consul at Havana, Cuba. He filled the latter office at the time of the blowing up of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor.

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the center of the room, Lee at a small oval table near the front window. "The contrast between the commanders," said one who was present, "was striking."

Grant, not yet forty-three years old, five feet eight inches tall, shoulders slightly stooped, hair and beard nut-brown, wearing a dark-blue flannel blouse unbuttoned, showing vest beneath; ordinary top boots, trousers inside; dark-yellow thread gloves; without spurs or sword, and no marks of rank except a general's shoulder-straps. Lee, fifty-eight years old, six feet tall, hair and beard silver gray; a handsome uniform of Confederate gray buttoned to the throat, with three stars on each side of the turned-down collar, fine top-boots with handsome spurs, elegant gauntlets, and at his side a splendid sword.* With a magnificent physique, not a pound of superfluous flesh, ruddy cheeks bronzed by exposure, grave and dignified, he was the focus for all eyes. "His demeanor was that of a thoroughly possessed gentleman who had a disagreeable duty to perform, but was determined to get through it as well and as soon as he could" without the exhibition of temper or mortification.

Generals Lee and Grant had met once, eighteen years before, when both were fighting for the same cause in Mexico—one an engineer-officer and on

*The handle of this sword is white, with a lion's head at the top and wrapt with gilt wire (not studded with jewels, as has been published), with gilt guard, the scabbard of blue steel with gilt trimmings. Where the rings are attached, on one side of the blade, are the words, "General Robert E. Lee, from a Marylander, 1863"; on the other, "Aide toi et Dieu t'aidra." This sword is in the possession of General G. W. C. Lee, son of General Lee, and President of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE

the staff of Scott, the commanding general, the other a subaltern of infantry in Garland's brigade. After a pleasant reference to that event, Lee promptly drew attention to the business before them, the terms of surrender were arranged, and at General Lee's request reduced to writing, as follows:

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA.,

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company and regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor the private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as he observes his parole, and the laws in force where he may reside.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

General R. E. LEE.

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"Unless you have some suggestion to make, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it," said Grant; and it gave Lee the opportunity to tell him that the cavalymen and many of the artillerymen owned their own horses, and he wished to know whether these men would be permitted to retain their horses. The terms gave to the officers only that privilege, and so Grant stated; but seeing that Lee's face showed plainly that he would like that concession made, the former said feelingly that he supposed that most of the men in ranks were small farmers, that their horses would be useful in putting in a crop to carry themselves and families through the next winter, and that he would give instructions "to let all men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." The Union commander was in touch with his President.

General Weitzel, who had entered Richmond with his Twenty-fifth Corps and received its formal capitulation, asked Mr. Lincoln what he "should do in regard to the conquered people?" The latter is reported to have replied that he did not wish to give any orders on that subject, but added, "If I were in your place I'd let 'em up easy, I'd let 'em up easy." It was the fear of his men losing their horses in case of surrender that made the Confederate cavalry commander ask permission at the council the night before to extricate his cavalry in case of surrender, provided it was done before the flag of truce changed the status. To Grant's written proposition for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Lee replied:

THE SURRENDER OF LEE

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your letter of this date, containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulation into effect.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT.

The formalities were concluded without dramatic accessories, and then Lee's thoughts turned to his hungry veterans and to his prisoners. "I have a thousand or more of your men and officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days," said Lee to Grant. "I shall be glad to send them to your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. My own men have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage." The rations sent from Lynchburg to the Southerners were captured. When Grant suggested that he should send Lee twenty-five thousand rations, the latter told him it would be ample, and assured him it would be a great relief. The Confederate commander then left, and rode away to break the sad news to the brave troops he had so long commanded.

General Grant's behavior at Appomattox was marked by a desire to spare the feelings of his great opponent. There was no theatrical display; his troops were not paraded with bands playing

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and banners flying, before whose lines the Confederates must march and stack arms. He did not demand Lee's sword, as is customary, but actually apologized to him for not having his own, saying it had been left behind in the wagon; promptly stopt salutes from being fired to mark the event, and the terms granted were liberal and generous. "No man could have behaved better than General Grant did under the circumstances," said Lee to a friend in Richmond. "He did not touch my sword; the usual custom is for the sword to be received when tendered, and then handed back, but he did not touch mine." Neither did the Union chief enter the Southern lines to show himself or to parade his victory, or go to Richmond or Petersburg to exult over a fallen people, but mounted his horse and with his staff started for Washington. Washington, at Yorktown, was not as considerate and thoughtful of the feelings of Cornwallis or his men. Charges were now withdrawn from the guns, flags furled, and the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long, bloody years.

DAVIS'S FLIGHT FROM RICHMOND AND CAPTURE IN GEORGIA

(1865)

MR. DAVIS'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

On Sunday, the 2d of April, while I was in St. Paul's Church, General Lee's telegram, announcing his speedy withdrawal from Petersburg and the consequent necessity for evacuating Richmond, was handed to me. I quietly rose and left the church. The occurrence probably attracted attention, but the people of Richmond had been too long beleaguered, had known me too often to receive notice of threatened attacks, and the congregation of St. Paul's was too refined, to make a scene at anticipated danger. For all these reasons, the reader will be prepared for the announcement that the sensational stories which have been published about the agitation caused by my leaving the church during service were the creation of fertile imaginations. I went to my office and assembled the heads of departments and bureaus, as far as they could be found on a day when all the offices were closed, and gave the needful instructions for our removal that night, simultaneously with General Lee's withdrawal from Petersburg. The event was not unforeseen, and some preparation had been made for it, tho, as it

¹ From Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. Copyright 1881.

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came sooner than was expected, there was yet much to be done. . . .

We arrived at Charlotte on April 18, 1865, and I there received, at the moment of dismounting, a telegram from General Breckinridge announcing, on information received from General Sherman, that President Lincoln had been assassinated. An influential citizen of the town, who had come to welcome me, was standing near me, and, after remarking to him in a low voice that I had received sad intelligence, I handed the telegram to him. Some troopers encamped in the vicinity had collected to see me; they called to the gentleman who had the dispatch in his hand to read it, no doubt supposing it to be army news. He complied with their request, and a few, only taking in the fact, but not appreciating the evil it portended, cheered, as was natural at news of the fall of one they considered their most powerful foe. The man who invented the story of my having read the dispatch with exultation had free scope for his imagination, as he was not present, and had no chance to know whereof he bore witness, even if there had been any foundation of truth for his fiction.

For an enemy so relentless in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn; yet, in view of its political consequences, it could not be regarded otherwise than as a great misfortune to the South. He had power over the Northern people, and was without personal malignity toward the people of the South; his successor was without power in the North, and the embodiment of malignity toward the Southern people, perhaps the more so because he had betrayed and deserted them in the hour of their need. . . .

DAVIS'S FLIGHT AND CAPTURE

For the protection of my family I traveled with them two or three days, when, believing that they had passed out of the region of the marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at night-fall, to execute my original purpose. My horse and those of my party proper were saddled preparatory to a start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party cided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed intended to attack the camp that night. This would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down, fully drest, to rest.

Nothing occurred to rouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman, a free colored man, who faithfully clung to our fortunes, came and told me there was firing over the branch, just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction.

As it was quite dark in the tent I picked up what was supposed to be my "raglan," a waterproof, light overcoat, without sleeves; it was sub-

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sequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl.² I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle and attempt to escape.

My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and, recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions; they encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing they had met our armed escort, and some casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those who were engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Waylor Wood, with Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring exploits on the sea had made him, on the part of the

² Out of this incident was built up at the time a widely published story that Mr. Davis had endeavored to escape by disguising himself in woman's clothes. Pictures were circulated showing him in a hoop-skirt dress, with bonnet on, etc.

DAVIS'S FLIGHT AND CAPTURE

Federal Government, an object of special hostility, and rendered it quite proper that he should avail himself of every possible means of escape. Colonel Pritchard went over to their battle-field, and I did not see him for a long time, surely more than an hour after my capture. He subsequently claimed credit, in a conversation with me, for the forbearance shown by his men in not shooting me when I refused to surrender.

Wilson and others have uttered many falsehoods in regard to my capture, which have been exposed in publications by persons there present—by Secretary Reagan, by the members of my personal staff, and by the colored coachman, Jim Jones, which must have been convincing to all who were not given over to believe a lie. For this reason I will postpone, to some other time and more appropriate place, any further notice of the story and its variations, all the spawn of a malignity that shames the civilization of the age. We were, when prisoners, subjected to petty pillage, and to annoyances such as military *gentlemen* never commit or permit.

On our way to Macon we received the proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, offering a reward for my apprehension as an accomplice in the assassination of the late President Abraham Lincoln. Some troops by the wayside had the proclamation, which was displayed with vociferous demonstrations of exultation over my capture. When we arrived at Macon I was conducted to the hotel where General Wilson had his quarters. A strong guard was in front of the entrance, and, when I got down to pass in, it opened ranks, facing inward, and presented arms. . . .

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At Augusta we were put on a steamer, and there met Vice-President Stephens, and C. C. Clay, who had surrendered himself. At Port Royal we were transferred to a sea-going vessel which, instead of being sent to Washington City, was brought to anchor at Hampton Roads. . . .

My daily experience as a prisoner shed no softer light on the transaction, but only served to intensify my extreme solicitude. Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches have been made by the magnanimous, on account of the needless torture to which I was subjected, and the heavy fetters riveted upon me,* while in a stone casemate and surrounded by a strong guard; but all these were less excruciating than the mental agony my captors were able to inflict. It was long before I was permitted to hear from my wife and children, and this, and things like this, was the power which education added to savage cruelty.

* General Nelson A. Miles, who was in command of Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment, contributed to *The Independent* of February 23, 1904, an article in defense of himself against charges of undue harshness toward Mr. Davis, in the course of which he said: "To comply with what was authorized, and, in fact, suggested by the orders of both Assistant-Secretary Dana and Major-General Halleck, light anklets were placed upon the ankles of Jefferson Davis in order to prevent the possibility of his attempting to jump past the guard or commit any act of violence while the wooden doors were being removed from the room which he occupied and grated doors substituted. These did not prevent his walking about the room, but would have prevented him from running if by any chance an opportunity had occurred. The change of doors was completed in five days, and the anklets were then removed. During this time mechanics were constantly going in and out of the rooms."

THE DISBANDING OF THE NORTHERN ARMY

(1865)

BY JAMES G. BLAINE¹

The wonder excited by the raising of the vast army which saved the Union from destruction was even surpassed by the wonder excited by its prompt and peaceful dissolution. On the day that the task of disbandment was undertaken, the Army of the United States bore upon its rolls the names of one million five hundred and sixteen men (1,000,516). The killed, and those who had previously retired on account of wounds and sickness and from the expiration of shorter terms of service, aggregated, after making due allowance for reenlistments of the same persons, at least another million. The living among these had retired gradually during the war, and had resumed their old avocations, or, in the great demand for workmen created by the war itself, had found new employment. But with the close of hostilities many industries which had been created by the demands of war ceased, and thousands of men were thrown out of employment. The disbandment of the Volunteer Army would undoubtedly add hundreds of

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thousands to this number, and thus still further overstock and embarrass the labor market. The prospect was not encouraging, and many judicious men feared the result.

Happily all anticipations of evil proved groundless. By an instinct of self-support and self-adjustment, that great body of men who left the military service during the latter half of the year 1865 and early in the year 1866 reentered civil life with apparent contentment and even with certain advantages. Their experience as soldiers, so far from unfitting them for the duties and callings of an era of Peace, seem rather to have proved an admirable school, and to have given them habits of promptness and punctuality, order and neatness, which added largely to their efficiency in whatever field they were called to labor. After the Continental Army was dissolved, its members were found to be models of industry and intelligence in all the walks of life. The successful mechanics, the thrifty tradesmen, the well-to-do farmers in the old thirteen States were found, in great proportion, to have held a commission or carried a musket in the Army of the Revolution. They were, moreover, the strong pioneers who settled the first tier of States to the westward, and laid the solid foundation which assured progress and prosperity to their descendants. Their success as civil magistrates, as legislators, as executives was not less marked and meritorious than their illustrious service in war. The same cause brought the same result a century later in men of the same blood fighting with equal valor the same battle of constitutional liberty. The inspiration of a great cause does not fail to ennoble the

DISBANDING THE NORTHERN ARMY

humblest of those who do battle in its defense. Those who stood in the ranks of the Union Army have established this truth by the twenty years of honorable life through which they have passed since their patriotic service was crowned with victory.

The officers who led the Union Army throughout all the stages of the civil conflict were in the main young men. This feature has been a distinguishing mark in nearly all the wars in which the American people have taken part, and with a few notable exceptions has been the rule in the leading military struggles of the world. Alexander the Great died in his thirty-second year. Cæsar entered upon the conquest of Gaul at forty. Frederick the Great was the leading commander of Europe at thirty-three. Napoleon and Wellington, born the same year, fought their last battle at forty-six years of age. On the exceptional side Marlborough's greatest victories were won when he was nearly sixty (tho he had been brilliantly distinguished at twenty-two), and in our own day the most skillful campaign in Europe was under the direction of Von Moltke when he was in the seventieth year of his age. . . .

General Grant won his campaign of the Tennessee, and fought the battles of Henry, Donelson, and Shiloh when he was thirty-eight years of age. Sherman entered upon his onerous work in the southwest when he was forty-one, and accomplished the march to the sea when he was forty-four. Thomas began his splendid career in Kentucky when he was forty-three, and fought the critical and victorious battle of Nashville when he was forty-six. Sheridan was but thirty-three when

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he confirmed a reputation, already enviable, by his great campaign in 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley. Meade won the decisive battle of Gettysburg when he was forty-seven. McClellan was but thirty-five when he succeeded General Scott in command of the army. McDowell was forty-five when he fought the first battle of magnitude in the war. Buell was forty-two when he joined his forces with Grant's army on the second day's fight at Shiloh. Pope was scarcely over forty when he attained the highest credit for his success in the southwest. Hancock was forty-one when he approved himself one of the most brilliant commanders in the army by his superb bearing on the field of Spottsylvania. Hooker was forty-six when he assumed command of the Army of the Potomac.

Among the officers who volunteered from civil life the success of young men as commanders was not less marked than among the graduates of West Point. General Logan, to whom is conceded by common consent the leading reputation among volunteer officers, and who rose to the command of an army, went to the field at thirty-five. General Butler was forty-two when he was placed at the head of the Army of the Gulf, and began his striking career in Louisiana. General Banks was forty-four when with the rank of major-general he took command of the Department of Maryland. Alfred Terry, since distinguished in the regular service, achieved high rank as a volunteer at thirty-five. Garfield was a major-general at thirty-one with brilliant promise as a soldier when he left the field to enter Congress. Frank Blair at forty-one was a successful commander in the arduous campaign which ended with the fall of Vicksburg.

WHAT THE WAR COST

(1861—1865)

BY JAMES G. BLAINE¹

Not only in life but in treasure the cost of the war was enormous. In addition to the large revenues of the Government which had been currently absorbed, the public debt at the close of the struggle was \$2,808,549,437.55. The incidental losses were innumerable in kind, incalculable in amount. Mention is made here only of the actual expenditure of money—estimated by the standard of gold. The outlay was indeed principally made in paper, but the faith of the United States was given for redemption in coin—a faith which has never been tarnished, and which in this instance has been signally vindicated by the steady determination of the people. Never, in the same space of time, has there been a national expenditure so great.

Other nations have made costly sacrifices in struggles affecting their existence or their master passions. In the memorable campaigns of the French in 1794, when the republic was putting forth its most gigantic energies, the expenses rose to 200,000,000 francs a month, or about \$450,000,000 a year. For the three years of the Rebellion, after the first year, our War Department alone expended \$603,314,411.82, \$690,391,048.66, and \$1,030,690,400, respectively. The French Directory

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broke down under its expenditures by its lavish issue of *assignats* and the French republic became bankrupt. Our Government was saved by its rigorous system of taxation imposed upon the people by themselves. Under Napoleon, in addition to the impositions on conquered countries, the budgets hardly exceeded in francs the charges of the United States for the Rebellion in dollars.

Thus in 1805 the French budget exhibited total expenditures of 666,155,139 francs, including 69,140,000 francs for interest on the debt. In the same year the Minister stated to the Chambers that income was derived from Italy of 30,000,000 francs, and from Germany and Holland 100,000,000, leaving 588,998,705 to be collected from France. In 1813 the French expenditures had risen to 953,658,772 francs, and the total receipts from French revenue were 780,959,847 francs. The French national debt has been measured since 1797 by the interest paid, first at that time at five per cent. From 1800 to 1814, the period of the Consulate and the Empire, this interest was increased by 23,091,635 francs, indicating an addition of twenty times that sum to the principal of the debt. The Government of the Restoration added in 1815, 101,260,635 francs to the annual interest. Thus the cost of the Napoleonic wars to France may be stated at about \$487,000,000 added to the principal of the debt, or less than one-fifth of the increment of our national obligations on account of the rebellion.

The total expenditures of Great Britain during the French revolution and the career of Napoleon were £1,490,000,888, or nearly five times that sum in dollars. The largest expenditures in any single

